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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'—A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ARE YOU NOW OR HAVE YOU EVER BEEN—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons, among them that the impersonations by the actors on hand are indifferent, at best. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLROOM—A dreary musical about lonely middle-aged people. The stars are Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A BROADWAY MUSICAL—As the title states, with music by Charles Strouse, lyrics by Lee Adams, a book by William F. Brown, and a cast that includes Warren Berlinger, Gwyda DonHowe, and Irving Lee. Directed by Gower Champion. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BURIED CHILD—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A comedy by James Farrell, **IN THE RECOVERY LOUNGE**, is the second in this season's series. It's a non-play about patients in a city hospital, and while it has a few amusing moments, most of the time it is aimless and pointless. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31. (12/18/78).... ¶ The second late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **TOTAL RECALL**, by Martin Halpern. Final performances Wednesday through Friday Dec. 27-29. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

COLONNADES THEATRE LAB—Two plays in repertory. **THE BALLROOM IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL:** A loosely knit episodic, but rather interesting play, by Louis Phillips, about a Greek-American family in a Massachusetts town, at the end of the Second World War. What plot there is hinges on a little boy who lies dying in a hospital, but there is much humor along with the sadness. Michael Lessac deftly directs the large cast, and Louis Giambolvo gives a fine performance as the child's father. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 2-3; and Saturday, Jan. 6. (12/11/78).... **MOLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF:** Adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, and Thursday and Friday, Jan. 4-5. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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THE CRUCIFER OF BLOOD—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

DA—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson and their two daughters, Roberta (who will have the title role) and Katherine, in a limited engagement of this revival of the Frances Goodrich-Albert Hackett dramatization. Previews Wednesday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 28, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 11. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EUBIE!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-five the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

FAMILY BUSINESS—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

GRAND MAGIC—A play by Eduardo de Filippo,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN		21
"CAPTAIN BLOOD"	*Donald Barthelme*	26
"WINTER"	*Marian Thurm*	28
"SIX YEARS LATER" (POEM)	*Joseph Brodsky*	30
PROFILES (CORYDON, INDIANA)	*Berton Roueché*	35
"ONE FOR THE ROSE" (POEM)	*Philip Levine*	36
THE THEATRE	*Brendan Gill*	46
OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENTS (BROOKLYN PRIMARY)	*Susan Lardner*	48
THE CURRENT CINEMA	*Pauline Kael*	54
JAZZ	*Whitney Balliett*	56
"THE KISS" (POEM)	*Laura Jensen*	57
BOOKS	*John Updike*	58
BRIEFLY NOTED		64

COVER: *Charles Addams*

DRAWINGS: *Lee Lorenz, Sidney Harris, Joseph Farris, Dean Vietor, Sam Gross, James Stevenson, George Price, William Hamilton, Edward Koren, William Steig, Tom Funk, Robert Weber, Robert Mankoff, Arnie Levin, Dana Fradon, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, Charles Barsotti, Jack Ziegler, Edward Frascino*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

translated by Carlo Ardito. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 3.)

I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10.)

THE KINGFISHER—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND** is the second in this season's series of fifteen productions. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—A brilliant production of Shaw's paean to the life force. In the cast are George Grizzard, Philip Bosco, Ann Sachs, Richard Woods, and Laurie Kennedy. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MONTEITH AND RAND—Improvisational sketches by John Monteith and Suzanne Rand. Previews through Sunday, Dec. 31. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 6:45. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Thursdays and New Year's Eve at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

NEGRO ENSEMBLE COMPANY—The second in this season's series of four productions is **THE DAUGHTERS OF THE MOCK**, a hollow gothic drama about voodoo in Louisiana, as practiced by a malignant old woman and her daughter and granddaughters. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 7.)

TAXI TALES—Five plays conceived by Leonard Melfi. Preview Wednesday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 28, at 6:30. (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TOUCHING BOTTOM—Three one-acters by Steve Tesich: "The Road," "Baptismal," and "A Life." With Harold Gould and Lois Smith. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8, and Thursdays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO:** A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 2.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over

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we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)... **DRACULA:** Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,760 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 28, and New Year's Day at 3.)... **THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall in a comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Dec. 27, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at 3, plus Wednesday, Jan. 3, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-seven years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 30.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30, and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2, and New Year's Day at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY:** A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2.)... **RUNAWAYS:** Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays and New Year's Eve at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays and New Year's Eve at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Thursdays and Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and New Year's Eve at 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinées Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 2.)

ICEDANCING—A company of thirteen skaters, headed by John Curry and Jo Jo Starbuck, performing works created by, among others, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous, Kenneth MacMillan, Peter Martins, Twyla Tharp, and Mr. Curry himself. (12/18/78, under "Dancing") (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway 869-0550. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 31.)

CHINESE ACROBATIC CIRCUS OF TAIWAN—A cast of forty clowns, acrobats, comedians, Chinese dancers, jugglers, magicians, and Kung Fu experts in a two-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Saturday, Dec. 27-30, at 2 and 7:30, and final performances Sunday,

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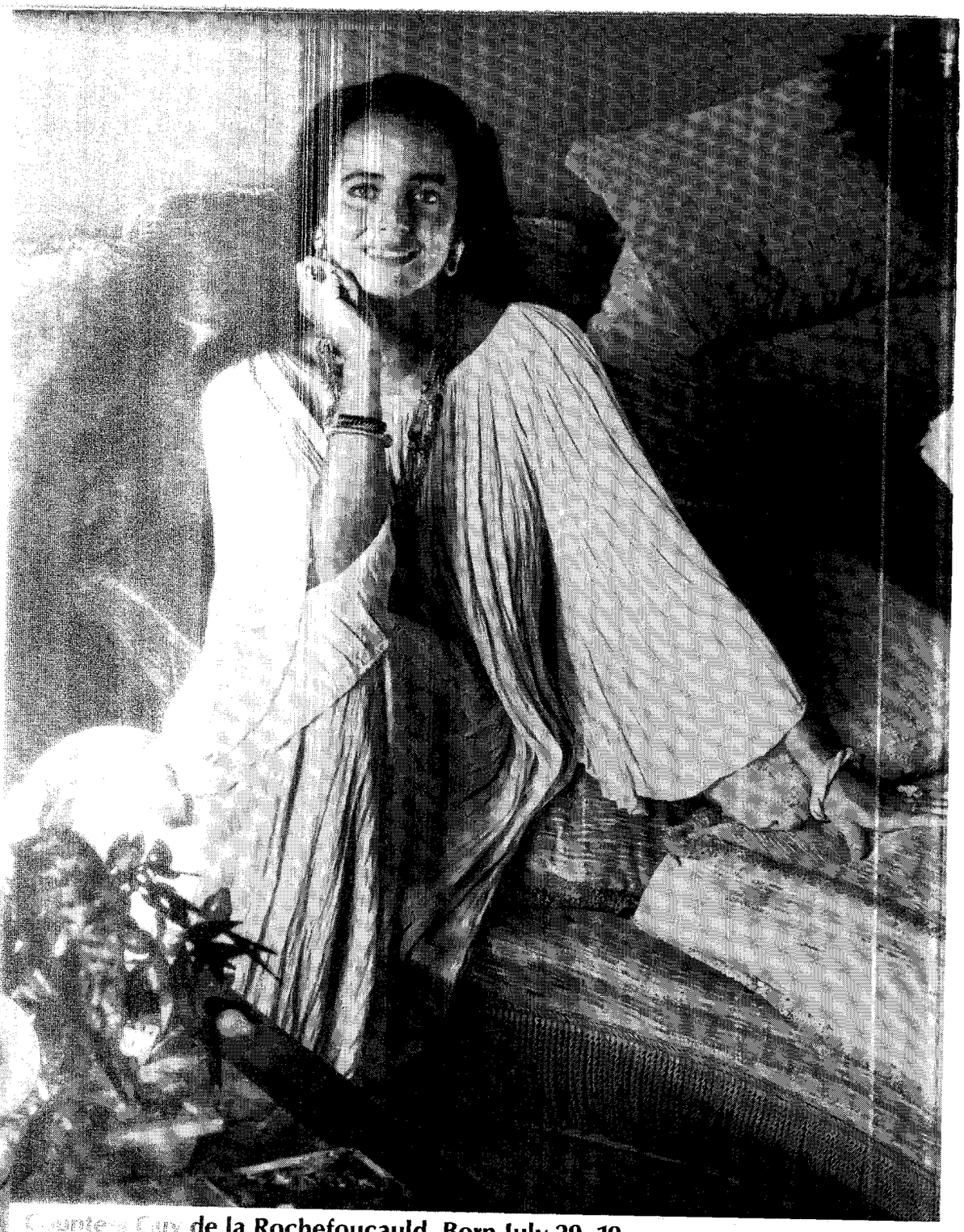

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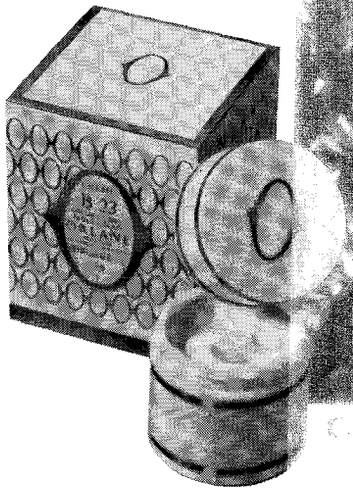

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dec. 31, and New Year's Day at 1:30 and 5:30.)

London Savoyards—Final performances of the engagement. The first half of each evening program is made up of highlights from eight Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; the second half is a condensed version of one of them, as indicated below. The matinée programs consist of two shortened operettas. Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29, at 2: "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8: "The Pirates of Penzance."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8: "The Mikado."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8: "The Yeomen of the Guard." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 28-29 at 8; Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 27-29, at 1, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 2 and 8.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Interplay," "Square Dance," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Square Dance" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Bournonville Divertissements."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 5, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Interplay," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2: "Interplay" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Raymonda Variations." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Clarinettist **Perry Robinson** has worked with Archie Shepp, Gunter Hampel, and Dave Brubeck in the past, and, through Saturday, Dec. 30, he'll be working here with a trio. Beginning Tuesday, Jan. 2, **Kalaparusha Maurice McIntyre**, an exciting tenor saxophonist, will lead his quintet. On Mondays and on New Year's Eve, pianist **Jaki Byard** will lead the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **Dardanelle**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Wednesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—**Julie Kurnitz** has long, dark hair, is tall and angular, and is a wonderfully restrained singer and parodist. She is a statuesque Carol Burnett. She arrives onstage wearing a flowing evening dress with an enormous Halston tag hanging from one side. She does a parody of a Jacques Brel-style cabaret chestnut, and she sings it in a deep, Piaf-mannered, deadpan voice. She puts a red sash across her chest and a tiara on her head, picks up a small black handbag, and becomes Queen Elizabeth, to sing "We Enjoy Being a Queen," "What Kind of Fool Are We," and "We Got Rhythm." Miss Kurnitz's singing, which covers several ranges, is never played down in favor of her comedy, and her comedy never goes too far. Although she has appeared on Broadway in "Minnie's Boys" and "Gorey Stories" and in several Al Carmines musicals, she is hardly a household word—but she could be. Julie Kurnitz will come in for a two-week visit on Tuesday, Jan. 2. Musical-comedy singer Larry Kert is on hand through Saturday, Dec. 30. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On New Year's Eve, Margaret Whiting will sing at eight-thirty and midnight. Dining.

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Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Passersby can look past the neon sign that hangs in the picture window of this restaurant and see the musicians at work, and the smart passersby will go in. Bassist Teruo Nakamura and his mainstream sextet, the Rising Sun, perform through Sunday, Dec. 31; on Wednesday, Jan. 3, saxophonist **Sonny Stitt** will arrive with a quartet. Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays, Saturdays, and New Year's Eve. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music. The club is more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden, and the management is more discerning than Don Kirshner. The lineup: Vibraharpist **Gary Burton** and his new quintet on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28; Redd, Hedwig, and Crossley (formerly of the Harlettes, who used to sing backup for Bette Midler) Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 4-7, have been reserved for **Kris Kristofferson, Rita Coolidge, Billy Swan**, and a country-rock band. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight, and New Year's Eve at ten-fifteen and two. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A lot of people like to hang out here, checking everyone at the bar in the overhead mirrors or listening in on the literary gossip. A lot of people also think of Bradley's as piano-bass heaven. Here's why: **Jimmy Rowles** and **Bob Cranshaw** are performing through Sunday, Dec. 31. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. In short, a lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnival. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**Bucky Pizzarelli**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**Bobby Short** looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noel Coward song—or for that matter when he sings anything else. Bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Gene Gammage** support Mr. Short's enthusiasm in the Café Carlyle through Sunday, Dec. 31. On Tuesday, Jan. 2, pianist **George Shearing** will move in with bassist **Brian Torff**. Sets begin at ten and midnight, except on New Year's Eve, when they begin at eleven-fifteen and one.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** does some strong piano work nightly from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Located in the back of the Carnegie Hall Building, this room—a chic, dark-brown setting with hanging trellises and hanging plants—offers knockwurst and fried potatoes on the menu, and the considerably lighter **Ellis Larkins** on the bandstand. Quiet and elegant, Larkins slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause for a brief self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's, as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers, and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Art rocker John Cale—he studied with Xenakis and Copland, worked with La Monte Young, co-founded (with Lou Reed) the Velvet Underground, collaborated with Terry Riley, and produced Patti Smith's first album—will lead his band Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 28-31. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**Alberta Hunter** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Mondays from eight to one, **Rose Murphy** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi," with support from bassist Morris Edwards. On New Year's Eve, Miss Hunter and Miss Murphy will perform along with singer **Jimmie Daniels**, from ten. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A noisy taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Trumpeter **Warren Vaché** heads up a trio during dinner Tuesdays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon**, the international café-society singer and pianist, will return to Third Avenue on Wednesday, Jan. 3. He will perform Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand nightly from nine-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **Joe Puma**, pianist **Hod O'Brien**, and bassist **Frank Luther** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **Al Haig**, guitarist **Al Gafa**, and bassist **Morris Edwards**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **Chuck Wayne** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**Jimmy Ponder**, a thoughtful young jazz guitarist who grew up on rhythm-and-blues, leads a trio Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; and New Year's Eve at eleven.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, guitarist **Al Gafa's** trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty through Saturday, Dec. 30. On New Year's Eve, Tony Cabot's sextet will perform from nine-thirty, and on Tuesday, Jan. 2, pianist **Marty Napoleon** will bring in his trio.

Jazzmania, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, others are famous—turn up to jam in this (for the most part) mainstream jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine; on New Year's Eve, from eleven.

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JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two. Closed New Year's Day.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist BILLY TAYLOR and his bassist, VICTOR GASKIN, are back in their home base, working Tuesdays through Sundays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—To paraphrase Ernest Tubb, the Texas troubadour, "There's a little bit of everything in Texas," and a little bit of Texas in New York. There is also a forty-foot chicken-wire-and-styrofoam sculpture of an iguana on the roof of this club that no doubt makes aficionados of fifties horror movies feel right at home. Singer and songwriter Billy Joe Shaver will be in town on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28. Nightly from about nine.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—The adult-education course—George Gershwin 101—ends on Saturday, Dec. 30. The professor is pianist and music archivist and lecturer DICK HYMAN; he is aided by four other faculty members—clarinettist JOHNNY MINCE, trumpeter PEE WEE ERWIN, drummer BOBBY ROSENGARDEN, and bassist MILT HINTON. On Tuesday, Jan. 2, pianist DICK WELLSTOOD will move in with a quintet to play Fats Waller music. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. THE PERSUASIONS sing impressive a-cappella rhythm-and-blues and gospel tunes through Sunday, Dec. 31. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight, and New Year's Eve at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—SY OLIVER and his bouncy septet have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and New Year's Eve from nine. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—One of the very few cabarets where the show can be seen from the bar area for the price of a ginger ale. Singer and actress Ellen Greene goes on at nine and eleven-thirty through Saturday, Dec. 30; on New Year's Eve, Karen Akers will sing at nine and Barbara Cook at midnight. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. THE BRECKER BROTHERS—trumpeter Randy, saxophonist Mike, and their quintet—will perform through Sunday, Dec. 31; on Thursday, Jan. 4, pianist HILTON RUIZ, tenor saxophonist PHAROAH SANDERS, bassist REGGIE WORKMAN, and drummer IDRIS MUHAMMAD will join forces for four nights. Music from ten, Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from ten-thirty on New Year's Eve. Closed Mondays. Dining.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—GERRY MULLIGAN, on baritone and soprano saxes, guides a wonderfully vigorous thirteen-piece band through Saturday, Dec. 30. Nearly everything it plays moves along at least at a canter, and the solos are terse, melodic, and not a bit self-indulgent. Singer AL HIBBLER will come in on Thursday, Jan. 4, for three nights. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist Mike Nock leads a sextet through Sunday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 2, pianist JUNIOR MANCE will arrive with a bassist. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians and listeners. Pianist CEDAR WALTON'S quartet is here on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28; Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31, flutist Lloyd McNeill will lead his quartet; on Thursday, Jan. 4, saxophonist Rene McLean will head up a quartet, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, drummer JOE CHAMBERS will bring in his sextet, which includes WARREN SMITH on percussion and MASUO on guitar. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY, a slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime duo—Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings—will be present Thursday, Dec. 28, at nine and eleven; Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30, at ten and midnight; and New Year's Eve at eight and midnight. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Acoustic pianist MC COY TYNER rings out the old with sustained, repetitive, rumbling, crashing chords, which have a numbing, mystical, synthesizer-like effect. He'll be here with his sextet through Sunday, Dec. 31; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, will belong to drummer ART BLAKEY and his Class of '79 JAZZ MESSENGERS. Music at ten and midnight most nights; at eight and ten-thirty on New Year's Eve. Tuesdays are in the hands of jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN and her trio from nine to midnight.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Veteran bebopper and searing tenor saxophonist DEXTER GORDON leads his quartet through Sunday, Dec. 31; on Tuesday, Jan. 2, trumpeter and composer WOODY SHAW will move in for a stint with his quintet. On New Year's Eve, GORDON and SHAW will have a reunion. (When Gordon returned to perform in this country a couple of years ago, he toured with Shaw's group.) The THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS big-band machine has reclaimed Monday nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Sadik Hakim usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. Music every night from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SALUTE TO GREAT AMERICAN SONGWRITERS—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 6: Rita Gardner singing the songs of Cy Coleman and of Sheldon Harnick and Jerry Bock. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 2-4, at 6: Audrey Lavine singing the songs of Harold Arlen. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE ASBURY JUKES and ROBERT GORDON—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

DIRECTIONS—Jack DeJohnette, John Abercrombie, Lester Bowie, and Eddie Gomez. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Friday, Dec. 29, at 10:30, and Saturday, Dec. 30, at midnight.)

AL JARREAU and THE PAT METHENY GROUP—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8 and 11:30, and Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8.

JAZZ AT THE SYMPHONY—The Cecil Taylor Unit and Sun Ra & His Arkestra. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 865-2557. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8 and midnight.)

DAVID JOHANSEN GROUP—Palladium. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.

TALKING HEADS—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 10.

DEVO—Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 12:15—O.K., so it's Monday morning.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. Some, as indicated, will be closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

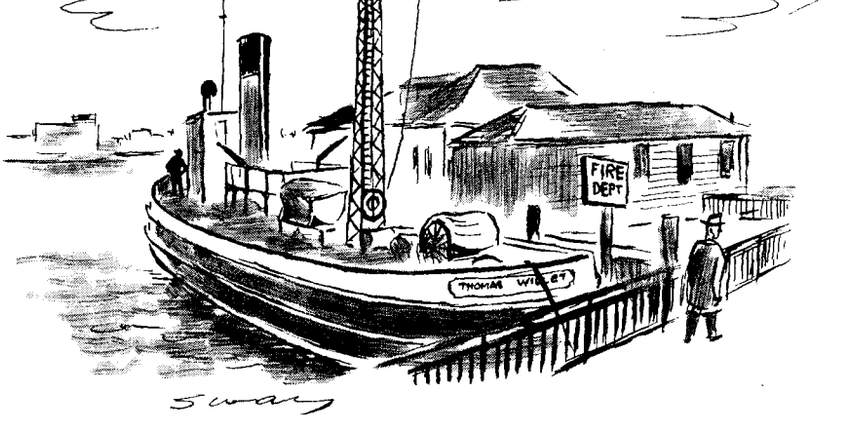
WILLI BAUMEISTER (1889-1955)—Paintings by an early nonobjective artist. Through Jan. 27. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

CHRISTO—The famous conceptualist, celebrated for wrapping up a million square feet of rocky Australian headland and for the running fence in California, is off on a new tack—a herculean project in which he plans to stack two million oil barrels in the shape of a mastaba, a sort of truncated pyramid, in Abu Dhabi, deep in the Arabian Peninsula. It will be nine hundred feet long and six hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and will be about four years in the making. Christo's colored rendering of the proposed structure is on view at the Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St., in a group show, along with representative paintings by Rothko, de Kooning, Frank Stella, and eight other artists. Through Jan. 11.

ROBERT DASH—Quiet landscapes of small-town life, in this instance Sagaponack, Long Island. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. Closes Friday, Dec. 29, at noon; closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

OTTO DIX (1891-1969)—Vivid drawings and watercolors that reflect the social climate in Germany during the First World War and in the twenties. Curiously, this is the first one-man show in New York by this well-known artist. Through Jan. 13. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Small watercolors and oils of pears and flowers, including a number of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bouquets done in oil on paper. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

JULES PASCIN (1885-1930)—Fifty-odd drawings and watercolors in a retrospective that shows this master draftsman in top form, depicting café life and brothels in Paris, a mule-and-horse exchange in Tampa, colorful Cuban vistas, and so on. Through Jan. 20. (A. M. Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Late aquatints and etchings. Twenty of them, from 1970-71, are being shown in this country for the first time. Through Jan. 27. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG—Literal play with words. For instance, fragments of cutout letters are fixed to acetate sheets hanging one behind the other and so arranged that when the viewer gets himself (or the sheets) properly aligned, the fragments fit together and form letters, words, and even sentences. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

WALASSE TING—Stylized, voluptuous nudes, some all but smothered by falling blossoms, and others set off by colorful parrots. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—Early works: Liz, Marilyn, Elvis. Through Jan. 13. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: American landscapes in which the attention of the artists is caught by something beyond mere geographical details. For instance, one of the houses in Robert Birmelin's view of lower East Side rooftops has caught on fire; Bonnie Sklarski's canyon, the water that flows through it, and some nudes on a ledge near its base are all painted in arsenical green; and Seymour Rosofsky's "Lady of the House" materializes within the walls of a rose-covered residence watched over by a trumpeter angel. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **MC KEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Paintings and drawings by Stuart Diamond, Katherine Porter, Franz Kline, and others. Through Jan. 20. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.). . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 118 E. 64th St.: Works by fourteen artists who use paper as their principal medium. Among the exhibitors: Mon Levinson, Winifred Lutz, Michelle Stuart. Through Saturday, Dec. 30.

SCULPTURE—Figures in metal, stone, and wood by Bruno Lucchesi, Susan Smyly, Laura Ziegler, and others. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

PAT ADAMS—Abstract works on paper covering the twenty-five-year period the artist has been associated with the gallery, which, coincidentally, is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary with this show. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Tall, free-standing abstract sculptures made of Styrofoam painted in bright colors, plus acrylic paintings on paper. Through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

ALICE BABER—Abstract oil paintings in which striking colors are glimpsed through small openings in a snowy blanket. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ISABEL BISHOP—Three large oils in which she makes her observations about the passing scene in Union Square, where she has been a bystander for nearly half a century, plus working drawings for the paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

MIRIAM BLOOM / STEPHEN LARESE—Hollow sculptural works—essentially bowl shapes—in several materials, including papier-mâché, and concrete and pigment over metal lath. / Paper boxes, uniform in size but done in a wide range of colors, inside and out, and lined in some instances with folded-paper surprises. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Friday and Saturday, Dec. 29-30.)

MARY CALLERY (1903-77)—Small, antic sculptures made of welded steel painted in lively colors by an American-born artist who spent most of her creative years in France. One of the pieces is a study for a large work depicting figures in the fables of La Fontaine and commissioned for P.S. No. 34, on East

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31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Twelfth Street. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ROSEMARIE CASTORO—A mystic grove consisting of fourteen trios of oak and maple saplings arranged in a ring that occupies the entire gallery space, some rising from floor to ceiling and others dropping from ceiling to floor. Through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.). . . ¶ Smaller works (papier-mâché covered with gesso and graphite) and drawings. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Pretto, 15 Park Row.)

FLEUR COWLES—Beatific leopards, tigers, and horses in flower-filled settings, and other paintings. Through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

BILL DAVISON—Collages, mostly in shades of gray, made of such diverse components as flocked aluminum, sheet lead, limestone, acetates, graphite, and oil crayons. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collages touched up with original painting and fairly teeming with life. Everything from tapeworms to field flowers is crowded in, but most of the items are undersea growths—finger coral, sea fans, anemones, sponges, eel grass, phosphorescent shrimp. Through Friday, Jan. 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL ISEN—A hat rack, a free-standing hall tree, and a chair, each weighted down with brilliantly colored polychrome wearing apparel (jackets, scarves, hats, and so on), are among the sculptured objects in this exhibit. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

JESS—The San Francisco artist who operates under this name makes collages of antique steel engravings, anatomical studies, postcards, fine-arts-magazine illustrations, and the like. Also oil paintings. The tone is surrealist. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

STEVE KEISTER—Small polyhedrons painted with fluorescent colors and hung from the ceiling so that they shine when a light beam is focussed on them. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

FREDERICK KIESLER (1896-1965)—Drawings, sculptures, and other works. Through Wednesday, Jan. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

PETER TODD MITCHELL—Oil paintings of Turkey. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Eric, 61 E. 57th St.)

REE MORTON (1936-77) / **MERRILL WAGNER**—Architectural details of Chicago buildings (particularly a bit of ornamentation by Louis Sullivan) were the inspiration for this series of

acrylics, whose horizontal placement on the wall produces a friezelike effect. / Large works involving acrylic or pastel drawings done on masking tape and then applied to Plexiglas. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Thirty-nine pieces of sculpture done within the past nine months by this eighty-one-year-old artist, who uses abstract means to express classical themes. Of special interest are a group of low reliefs incised in wet clay before firing. Through Jan. 20. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

PAUL NARKIEWICZ / PATI HILL—Watercolor landscapes of Italy, reduced to their simplest terms—almost abstracted. / The death of a swan is transmuted into a bittersweet fable by this artist's photocopy legerdemain. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.)

JO ANNE SCHNEIDER—Large canvases given over to studies of empty mailbags and outsize kitchen pots and pans, plus pencil drawings of eggbeaters, electric sockets, and other household effects. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

GEORGE SEGAL—New sculptural works, including several variously colored nudes entering or leaving doorways, and the piece entitled "In Memory of May 4, 1970, Kent State: Abraham and Isaac." Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

CHARLES SELIGER / DAVID FINN—Abstract drawings in which paper coated with hardened gesso is scrubbed with black graphite and then touched up with chamois and kneaded eraser to bring out lighter areas. / Photographic studies of Canova's neoclassical sculptures in Italy, France, and here. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

LOWELL TOLSTEDT—Graphite drawings in which such subjects as a barely budding sprout or a single drop of water dangling from a stretched cord are seen against a Stygian background. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

POCKET ART—An exhibition of very small art works—gaily colored folded paper pieces by Charlotte Brown; sculptures incorporating black-eyed peas by Howardena Pindell; a tiny doorway cut into the wall by David Hammons. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (JAM, 50 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Among the works by twenty-one artists are drawings by Saul Steinberg and Claes Oldenburg; a four-foot-long ceramic representation of a wrecked mine head by Raymon Elozua; and a map projection, in which North and South America together come out looking like a sausage, by Agnes Denes. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by Saul Steinberg, Fernando Botero, Karel Appel, and others. Through Jan. 20. . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Americans—the works date from 1770 to 1978—including Edward Hicks, James McNeill Whistler, Ben Shahn, and Ruth Gikow. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.). . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: The grid as a basis for paintings, sculptures, and drawings by twentieth-century artists, among them Klee, Nevelson, and Johns. Through Feb. 3. (Closed Saturday, Dec. 30.). . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: A show of new collages includes a grid pattern of handmade valentines by Barbara Kohl, mosaics using small tiles of colored paper by Reinhard Voigt, and huge animals superimposed over the New York skyline (a lion, say, or a bunch of zebras) by Anita Steckel. Through Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **SUMMIT**, 101 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Judith Shahn, Byron Browne, and others. Through Friday, Jan. 5. (Mondays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

SCULPTURE—Maquettes for larger works by Louise Bourgeois, John Willenbecher, Isaac Witkin, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

BRUCE CHAO / THOMAS MACAULAY—"Attack Angels" is the title of an installation in which

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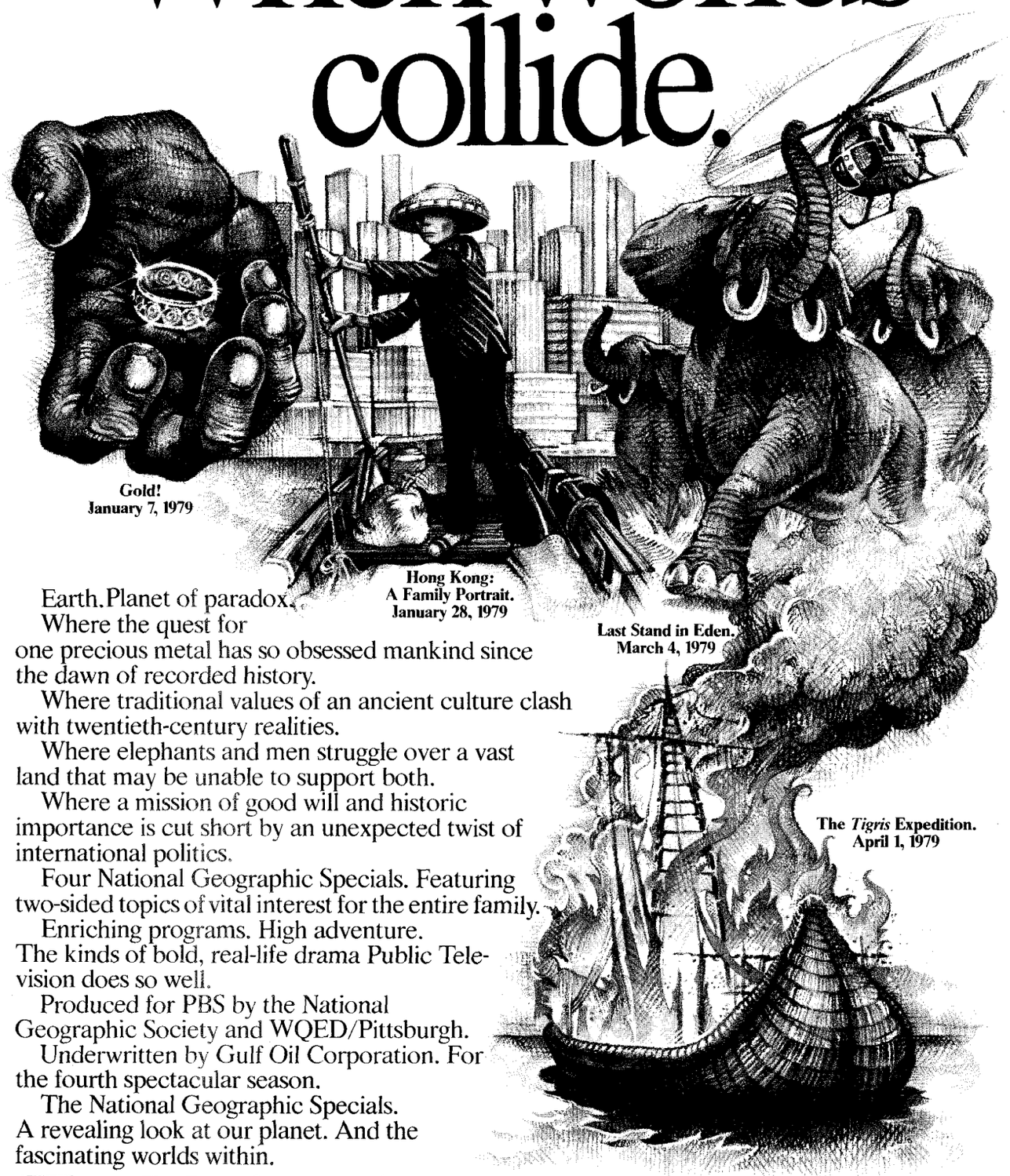
When worlds collide.



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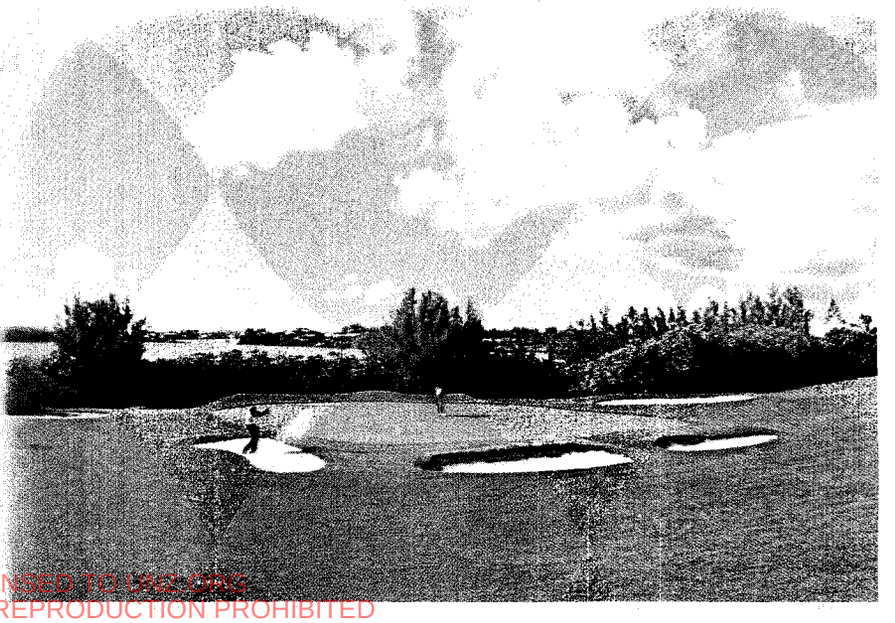

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the angels are represented by large panes of glass (seventy-six inches by thirty-seven), which are anchored to the ceiling of a darkened gallery but seem to be winging in on the viewer in overwhelming numbers, row upon row. (There are forty-nine of them.) / Small geometric balsa-wood forms—they suggest architectural maquettes—laid out on the floor, each lighted by a hanging lamp directly overhead. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

GREG CONSTANTINE / LARRY BLIZARD—Representational paintings centered on Jackson Pollock: his house, his shoes, himself at work. Superimposed on these canvases are Pollock-like all-over abstractions. / Humorous paintings and drawings of bananas in everyday situations—riding the subway, getting a haircut, on a boat ride. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

LORETTA DUNKELMAN—Two large works in which pencil and crayon patterns of seashells are drawn on the outermost of several layers of vellum. Also Minimalist drawings. Through Jan. 10. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

ERTÉ—A hundred and twenty-five or so costume and fashion drawings done between 1914 and 1973 by this elfin artist who celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday on Thanksgiving Day and is still busy designing for the theatre. Through Jan. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

MARGARET WHARTON—Ten new assemblages made chiefly from chair parts. Through Jan. 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At THE DRAWING CENTER, 137 Greene St.: A new crop of drawings selected from the thousands submitted to the center for appraisal. Three of the eleven artists whose works are being shown are Gary Falk, who makes Minimal drawings of architectural forms, and Jane Kaplowitz, who draws lively interiors with colored pencils, both of New York City; and Robert Kitchen, of Chattahoochee County, Georgia, who paints watercolors of china vases decorated with flamboyant roses. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)... GREEN MOUNTAIN and BOWERY, 135 Greene St.: A joint show entitled "From the Imagination" contains works by forty-five artists, among them Robert Beauchamp, Mary Frank, Robert Henry (who organized it), and Peter Passuntino. Through Thursday, Jan. 4. (Opens at noon.)... HOFFMAN, 429 West Broadway: A showing of major new works by gallery regulars includes a large fantasy in oils by Malcolm Morley (a medieval Venetian waterfront scene is bridged over by an American freight train); a handsomely carved bicycle chained to a parking meter by Fumio Yoshimura, the whole done in lindenwood; and a deceptive wall sculpture by John Okulick that seems to project far out into the room but actually goes only a few inches. Through Jan. 9.

OTHER GALLERIES

BARRY LE VA—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays, except Saturday, Dec. 30, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (closed Saturday, Dec. 30). Both shows through Feb. 10.

GROUP SHOWS—At the ACIA, 28 E. 4th St.: The gallery wall is an integral part of all the works in this show. Liliana Porter, Pedro Lujan, and Anne Elliott are among the eleven artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... 47 BOND STREET GALLERY, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery: Drawings, mostly, by a number of artists, including John Grillo, Alice Neel, Budd Hopkins, and Bill Pellicone. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)... NOHO, 542 LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by gallery members and others, among them Lois Dodd, Fred Gutzeit, and Erma Martin Yost. Through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MANUEL ALVAREZ BRAVO—A retrospective of a hundred and forty works that date from the

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twenties to the present. Through Feb. 4. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Sunday, Dec. 31, noon to 6.)

KARL BLOSSFELDT (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Jan. 9. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE (1904-71)—Photographic essays made for *Fortune* and *Life* between 1933 and 1957. Through Saturday, Dec. 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MICHAEL DE CAMP AND ANNE AND DAVID DOUBILET—Dye-transfer prints by three photographers who have found their subjects under the sea—the Andrea Doria, Weddell seals, the sharks of Isla Mujeres. Through Jan. 13. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK GOHLKE—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of his photographs of Midwestern grain elevators—an ongoing series begun six years ago—which are seen as abstractions in the early works but become a part of broad landscapes in the later works. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

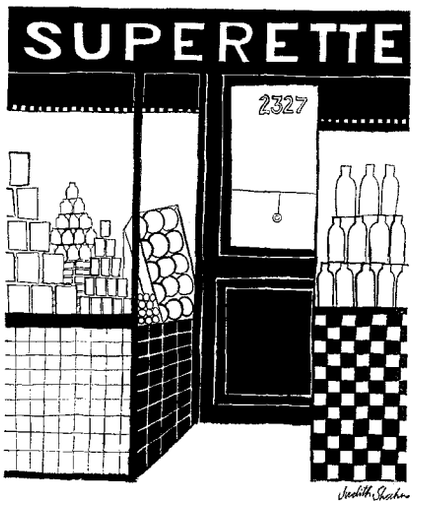
SHEILA METZNER—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes; first solo show in New York. Through Friday, Dec. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE: A PORTRAIT BY ALFRED STIEGLITZ—Fifty-one photographs (chosen by O'Keeffe from the five hundred or so that Stieglitz took of her between 1917 and 1933) are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GROUP SHOWS—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show that covers a hundred and twenty-five years of dance photography, with examples by Cecil Beaton, James Van DerZee, George Platt Lynes, Barbara Morgan, and others. Through Jan. 28. (Open Sundays.) ... MUSEO DEL BARRIO, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. ... ¶ José Rubén Gaztambide's color photographs of life in Puerto Rico and in Hispanic communities in Manhattan. ... ¶ Mexico today as seen by Rafael Doniz, Graciela Iturbide, Jose Angel Rodriguez, and Jesus Sanchez Uribe. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Little Egypt uptown. To begin with, there's King Tut, who hardly got this kind of attention when he was alive. Then there's the recently opened second segment of the museum's own Egyptian collection—this part holding materials from 1379 to 380 B.C.—in seven new galleries adjacent to the Temple of Dendur. And finally there's the Temple of Dendur itself, which is almost outdone by the vast hall that houses it. ... ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. ... ¶ The seven hundred objects on loan from eight Dresden museums represent more than five hundred years of art collecting by patrons in that city. The show contains paintings (by Bellotto, Holbein, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vermeer), drawings, Meissen and Oriental porcelains, armor, and jewelry. Through Jan. 14. ... ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through Jan. 28. ... PHOTOGRAPHY: Stieglitz's portraits of Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45. However, the four special exhibitions—Treasures of Tutankhamun, the costume show, the Dresden show, the Temple of Dendur—are open weekdays, 10 to 8:45, Sundays, except Dec. 31, from 11 to 8:45. To repeat: closed Mondays.)



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred and seventy works by Matisse, ranging from major paintings to large paper cutouts. From the museum's holdings. Through Jan. 30. ... ¶ Ten works by Ellsworth Kelly devised from layered and colored wet paper pulp. Through Jan. 30. ... ¶ Drawings, paintings, sculptures, photographs, and graphics produced by Russian artists in the years between 1912 and 1930. Through Tuesday, Jan. 2. ... PHOTOGRAPHY: American grain elevators photographed by Frank Gohlke. Through Feb. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A comprehensive retrospective of Mark Rothko's paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"New Image Painting": works by ten young artists who share a nontraditional approach to the representation of objects or figures but who paint in divergent styles. Among the ten are Susan Rothenberg, Joe Zucker, and Michael Hurson. Through Jan. 28. ... ¶ "William Carlos Williams and the American Scene, 1920-40" is an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Demuth, Sheeler, Hartley) who were either friends of the poet or who influenced his work. Also Williams memorabilia. Through Feb. 4. ... ¶ Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Feb. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of nineteen works (by Alan Sonfist, Jackie Winsor, Deborah Butterfield, and others) made from tree branches, rocks, clover, mud, and other particles of nature. Through Jan. 17. (Open Mondays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Through Sunday, Dec. 31. ... ¶ The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Feb. 11. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday eve-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nings until 9; Sundays and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Seventy-two artists (among them Elsie Manville, Robert Kulicke, and Carl Nicholas Titolo) are exhibiting paintings and drawings in the thirtieth annual Childe Hassam Purchase Fund exhibit (about one-third of the works will be bought by the fund as gifts to museums).... ¶ A memorial show of the works of William Grooper, John Koch, and Abraham Rattner. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.) Both shows through Saturday, Dec. 30.

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Origins of Chinese Ceramics" is a show of fifty-five objects (urns, bowls, jars, the earliest dating back seven thousand years), some of which are painted, and several of which are early examples of hard-glazed stoneware. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of "Ornament in the Twentieth Century" includes many small objects such as belt buckles, jewelry, table settings, as well as the vividly colored Rolls-Royce once owned by the Beatles, and a welded-metal hippopotamus bathtub designed by François-Xavier Lalanne. Through Jan. 7.... ¶ "Vienna Moderne," a show of metalwork, ceramics, glass, furniture, and fabrics produced on the Donau between 1898 and 1918. Through Feb. 4.... ¶ The downstairs gallery has an exhibit of a hundred and fifty shopping bags from all parts of the world. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibition of twenty-two examples of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English silver and silver gilt, in designs that range from rococo to classical. Nearly half of the pieces (bowls, tea kettles, a wine cooler) are by Huguenot silversmith Paul De Lamerie. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of Japanese folk art spanning six centuries. Many periods and cultures are represented: Arita porcelains dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth; a nineteenth-century lacquered food box used for picnics and made of woven paper string; a *bandori* (back pad), whose intricate design was woven from straw, yarn, and cloth, made for carrying a bridal chest to a wedding (also nineteenth century); more than a dozen seventeenth- and eighteenth-century *Otsu-e* folk paintings. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective exhibit of Jack Levine's paintings, drawings, and graphics, bringing together works of varying subject matter—social satire, portraits, religious themes. Through Jan. 28. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Rajput Painting," an exhibit of about eighty Indian miniatures. Through Feb. 8. ... ¶ A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18.... ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—American samplers dating from 1678 to 1865. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A survey of more than a hundred and thirty works by ceramicist Peter Voulkos. Through Sunday, Dec. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at

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104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Tuesday, Jan. 2. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of Andreas Feininger's photographs of New York in the forties. (Open daily except Mondays and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A show of oil paintings and drawings by Bob Thompson (1937-66)—twenty-three works in all. Through Jan. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. (925-4671)—"Nightclub," a cabaret setting for comedians, rock bands, singers, filmmakers, and others, Fridays and Saturdays, Dec. 29-30, and Jan. 5-6, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Shea Gordon, Karen Shaw, and Jenny Holzer, through Saturday, Dec. 30, and Barbara Kruger and Dan Graham, starting Tuesday, Jan. 2. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615)—Steina (video), Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6, through Thursday, Jan. 4; Chris Langdon (film), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 5-6, at 8:30.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. (784-2084)—Collaborative works by eight pairs of artists (Nam June Paik and Shigeko Kubota, and Helen and Newton Harrison are two); projects, installations, and environments by Diana Agrest and Marios Gandelsonas, Hilmar Boehle, Melvin Edwards, Kristen Gerber, John A. Giordano, Pieter Holstein, Nicholas Hondrogen, Bernd Jansen, Kenneth Juon, Arnold Kramer, Pat Oleszko, Roland Poulin, Martin Rosz, Ed Rothfarb, Louise Stanley, Anthony Thompson, and Irene Young; ongoing dance rehearsals, with Senta Driver; photographs of dancers. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6, through Jan. 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Dec. 27-28: "Hansel and Gretel," with Carol Malone, Rosalind Elias, Jean Kraft, Allan Monk, and Paul Franke; conducted by Calvin Simmons.... ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 29: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 30: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf.... ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 30: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Fernando Corena, Nicolai Gedda, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 1: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 2: "Elektra," with Danica Mastilovic, Eva Marton, Mignon Dunn, Ragnar Ulfung, and Norman Bailey; Erich Leinsdorf.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 3: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 4: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 5: "Dialogues of the Carmelites," with Maria Ewing, Régine Crespin, Leona Mitchell, Mignon Dunn, Betsy Norden, Raymond Gibbs, and Jerome Hines; Michel Plasson.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 6: "Tosca," with Shirley Verrett, Luciano Pavarotti, and Cornell MacNeil; James Conlon.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 6: "Don Pasquale," with Beverly Sills, Gabriel Bacquier, Alfredo Kraus, and Håkan Hagegård; Nicola Rescigno. (Evenings at 8; on Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 27-28, at 7. Matinées Saturday, Dec. 30, at 2:30, and Saturday, Jan. 6, at 2.)

The Play of Daniel—The cast of this twelfth-century musical drama includes Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Daniel Collins, countertenor; Charles Bressler, tenor; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Anthony Tamburello, bass. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 30-31, at 5. For information about tickets, call 678-6888.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts at Avery Fisher Hall next week, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 8:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 5, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 9, at 7:30 (all with Gianna Rolandi, soprano; Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

New York String Orchestra—Alexander Schneider conducting the second of two concerts, this one with violinists Jaime Laredo, Shlomo Mintz, Isaac Stern, and Pinchas Zukerman. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 29, at 8.)

"Tristan and Isolde"—Eve Queler conducting the National Opera Orchestra Workshop in a performance of Wagner's opera in concert form. With Roberta Knie, soprano, and Jess Thomas, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 31, starting at 5, with two one-hour intermissions.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Jorge Velazco directing the first in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one entitled "Recent Latin Currents." With Alfonso Moreno, guitar, and the Brooklyn Chorale. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing a program entitled "Music of Advent and Christmas." (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, Dec. 30, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Dec. 28, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—The fifth in a series of seven recitals will be performed by Susan Robinson, soprano, and Lucy Cross, lute. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Four members of the Ensemble, under the name of Guido's Other Hand, performing a program of Renaissance music entitled "Golden Age of English Music," with Peggy Pruett, soprano, and others. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Sunday, Dec. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Music from Japan—A program of highlights from past seasons, performed by Susan Jolles, harp; Peter Basquin, piano; William Blount, clarinet; and others. (New York Public Li-

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brary at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

ELIZABETH FOGLE—Clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Josef Suk, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Barry Tuckwell, horn; and Richard Goode, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 7, at 5.)

CALLIOPE: A RENAISSANCE BAND—A program of instrumental music of the German Renaissance. (St. Peter's Episcopal Church, 346 W. 20th St. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

ASTON MAGNA—A baroque ensemble, in the second of three concerts of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

PAULA ROBISON AND ANTHONY NEWMAN—Flute and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 3.)

MARK ZELTSER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

VIRGIL THOMSON RETROSPECTIVE—A program of his works, performed by Continuum, a group including Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Marilyn Dubow, violin; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Joel Sachs. Mr. Thomson will be guest speaker. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 28, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Kansas City, Saturday, Dec. 30, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Phoenix, Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. San Antonio, Saturday, Jan. 6, at 8. . . . **RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER**, Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, Jan. 5. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

HOCKEY—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:35): Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Sunday, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Wednesday, Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks, Friday, Jan. 5. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 6. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30 and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Display Handicap, Sunday, Dec. 31, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 6. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30 (on this day only, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1). . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 30. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Jan. 1, through Saturday, March 31.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Wecknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 20.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

POETRY AND PROSE READINGS—The fifth annual non-stop reading of Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans," by nearly a hundred tireless readers. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Sunday, Dec. 31, at noon, through mid-afternoon of Tuesday, Jan. 2. No tickets necessary.). . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry. (Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Tuesday, Jan. 2, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . ¶ William Stafford reading from his own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 4, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

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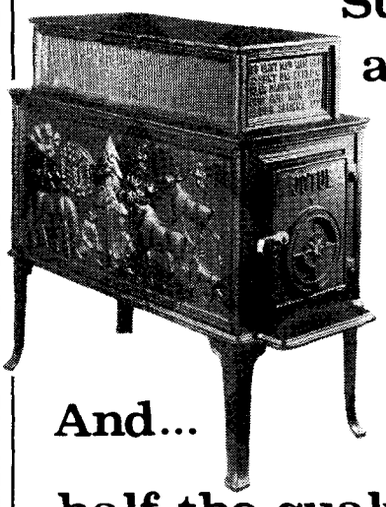

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4		

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 16. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES *THE THEATRE LISTING.*

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 31: A program of films by Georges Méliès. (Friday through Sunday, Dec. 29-31, three of L. Frank Baum's "Oz" pictures—silents, dating from around 1915—*will also be shown.*)
Jan. 1: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 2: "Handle with Care."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"The Boys from Brazil."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 28: "National Lampoon's Animal House" and "Slap Shot."
From Dec. 29: "National Lampoon's Animal House" and "Car Wash."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"King of the Gypsies."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Oliver's Story."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Movie Movie."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Oliver's Story."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Wiz."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Moment by Moment."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"Same Time, Next Year."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Slow Dancing in the Big City."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Brink's Job."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Last Wave."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"California Suite."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 28: "Midnight Express."
From Dec. 29: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Brass Target."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"King of the Gypsies."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers."

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Force 10 from Navarone."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Every Which Way but Loose."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"A Dream of Passion."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "A Dream of Passion."
Theatre 3: "Brass Target."
Theatre 4: "Days of Heaven."

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (279-4200; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Dec. 28: "Crime and Punishment" and "The Idiot."
Dec. 29-31: A program of five "Mummy" films—"The Mummy" (1932; Boris Karloff), "The Mummy's Hand" (1940; Dick Foran), "The Mummy's Tomb" (1942; Lon Chaney, Jr., and Dick Foran), "The Mummy's Ghost" (1944; Lon Chaney, Jr., and John Carradine), and "The Mummy's Curse" (1945; Lon Chaney, Jr.).
From Jan. 1: Surfeit of mummies: theatre temporarily closed.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Caravans."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Lord of the Rings."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Uncle Joe Shannon."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Boys from Brazil."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Movie Movie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Last Wave."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Dossier 51."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Rain and Shine."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Every Which Way but Loose."
Theatre 2: "Magic."
Theatre 3: "The Wiz."
Theatre 4: "Brass Target."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"A Dream of Passion."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Brink's Job." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Wilderness Family, Part 2." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)
Theatre 3: "Magic." (†)
Theatre 4: "Grease."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz." (†)

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"King of the Gypsies." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Oliver's Story." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"California Suite." (†)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Force 10 from Navarone." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
"Every Which Way but Loose." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Brass Target." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Dec. 27: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, Jean Hagen, and David Wayne; and "Woman of the Year" (1942), directed by George Stevens, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.
Dec. 28: "Donkey Skin" (1975), in French, directed by Jacques Demy, with Catherine Deneuve; and "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.
Dec. 29: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.
Dec. 30: "Horse Feathers" (†) and "Monkey Business." (†)
Dec. 31: "David Copperfield" (†); and "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
Jan. 1: "Children of Paradise" (1945), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès.
Jan. 2: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara; and "Naomi" (1971), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura.
Jan. 3: "Carnival in Flanders" (†); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Renoir.
Jan. 4: "Cabaret" (†); and "The Blue Angel" (1929), in German, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Dec. 27: "Anchors Aweigh" (1945), directed by George Sidney, with Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Dean Stockwell; and a program of Chuck Jones cartoons.
Dec. 28: "Sons of the Desert" (1933), directed by William A. Seiter, with Laurel & Hardy; and ten Tex Avery cartoons.
Dec. 29: "Horse Feathers" (†) and "Monkey Business." (†)
Dec. 30: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Footlight Parade" (1933), directed

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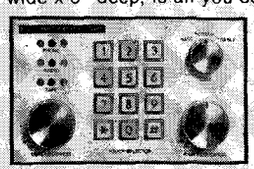

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by Lloyd Bacon, with James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Ruby Keeler.
Dec. 31: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "Captain Blood" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone.
Jan. 1: "David Copperfield" (†); and "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington.
Jan. 2: To be announced.
Jan. 3: "The Joyless Street" (†); and "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion.
Jan. 4: "Who'll Stop the Rain" (1978), directed by Karel Reisz, with Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty; and "Convoy" (1978), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Kris Kristofferson, Ali MacGraw, and Ernest Borgnine.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 28: "Romeo and Juliet" (1968), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Leonard Whiting and Olivia Hussey; and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973), directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi.
Dec. 29-30: Two films with the Beatles—"Around the World" and "What's Happening?"
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone." (†)
Jan. 2: "Mado" (†) and "The Clockmaker." (†)
Jan. 3-4: "Cry Uncle" (1971), directed by John Avildsen, with Allen Garfield; and "Inserts." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th (724-3700)
Through Dec. 30: "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954), directed by Stanley Donen, with Jane Powell and Howard Keel.
Dec. 31-Jan. 2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "The Apartment." (†)
From Jan. 3: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "On the Waterfront." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Dec. 28: A program of animated films.
Dec. 29-30: "Foreign Correspondent" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and George Sanders; and "Under Capricorn." (†)
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "It Came from Outer Space" (†); and "The Mad Magician" (1954), directed by John Brahm, with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor.
Jan. 2: "Winchester '73" (1950), directed by Anthony Mann, with James Stewart and Shelley Winters; and "Man of the West" (1958), directed by Anthony Mann, with Gary Cooper, Julie London, Arthur O'Connell, and Lee J. Cobb.
Jan. 3-4: "Let Joy Reign Supreme" (†) and "The Clockmaker." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 27: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "People Will Talk" (1951), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain, and Hume Cronyn.
Dec. 28: "One Way Passage" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with William Powell, Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon; and "Jewel Robbery" (1932), directed by William Dietrich, with William Powell and Kay Francis.
Dec. 29-30: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1: "Unfaithfully Yours" (†) and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend." (†)
Jan. 2: "The Great Waltz" (1938), directed by Julien Duvivier, with Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, and Miliza Korjus; and "The Merry Widow" (1934), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.
Jan. 3: "Song of Scheherazade" (1947), directed by Walter Reisch, with Yvonne De Carlo, Brian Donlevy, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; and "The Exile." (†)
Jan. 4: "Pocketful of Miracles" (1961), directed by Frank Capra, with Glenn Ford, Bette Davis, and Hope Lange; and "Beyond the Forest." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 28 at 2:30: "Melody Cruise" (1933), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Phil Harris, Charles Ruggles, and Helen Mack. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 6: "Phantom of Crestwood" (1932), directed by J. Walter Ruben, with Ricardo Cortez, H. B. Warner, and Anita Louise. . . . ¶ Dec. 28 at 8:30: "Friends and Lovers" (1931), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Laurence Olivier, Adolphe Menjou, Lili Damita, and Erich von Stroheim. . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 2:30: "Phantom of Crestwood." . . . ¶ Dec. 29 at 6: "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend" (1949), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Grable, Cesar Romero, and Rudy Vallée. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at noon: "The Little Minister" (1934), directed by Richard Wallace, with Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Donald Crisp. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 2:30: "State's Attorney" (1932), directed by George Archainbaud, with John Barrymore, Helen Twelvetrees, and William Boyd. . . . ¶ Dec. 30 at 5: "Christopher Strong" (1933), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Katharine Hepburn, Colin Clive, and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at noon: "The Little Minister." . . . ¶ Dec. 31 at 2:30: "Cimarron" (1931), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Richard Dix, Irene Dunne, and Estelle Taylor. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 2:30: "The Silver Cord" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Irene Dunne, Joel McCrea, and Frances Dee. . . . ¶ Jan. 1 at 6: "The Sky's the Limit" (1943), directed by Edward H. Griffith, with Fred Astaire, Joan Leslie, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at noon: "Friends and Lovers." . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 2:30: "Beau Geste" (1926), a silent film, directed by Herbert Brenon, with Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton, and Noah Beery. . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: "South Africa the White Laager" (1977), directed by Peter Davis. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Sweepings" (1933), directed by John Cromwell, with Lionel Barrymore and Gloria Stuart. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 6: "Side Street" (1929), directed by Mal St. Clair, with Tom Owen, Matt Moore, and Kathryn Perry. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 8:30: "The Last Days of Pompeii" (1934), directed by Ernest Schoedsack, with Preston Foster, Alan Hale, and Basil Rathbone. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Dec. 28: "It's No Use Alberto" (1978) and "Lunch Hour Tapes" (1977), videotapes by Ida Applebroog. Showings every hour from noon until 5. . . . ¶ Starting Dec. 30: "Newsreel: 10th Anniversary." The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"We Are Arab Jews in Israel" (1977), in French, directed by Igaal Niddam; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is comic and amiable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Regency; Dec. 31-Jan. 2.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet)

The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 "Unfaithfully Yours"—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a cardsharp (Cesar Romero) and accidently hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Beyond the Forest (1949)—Consistently (though inadvertently) hilarious; there's not a sane dull scene in this peerless piece of camp. This is the melodrama in which Bette Davis tosses her black wig and snarls the line "What a dump!"—which Edward Albee took for the opening of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" An evil Emma Bovary, she's a sloven married to a Midwestern doctor (Joseph Cotten), whom she treats abominably; every time she has a chance, she surrenders herself with hysterical enthusiasm to the hot-eyed embraces of a Chicago magnate (David Brian). Her obsession is to blow town, join her lover, and be a fancy kept woman; she nearly obsesses the sound track with variations of "Chicago, Chicago." The director, King Vidor, seems to be inventing his own brand of hog-wild Expressionism; covered with droplets of erotic sweat, Davis shakes her ample hips, kills an old man (Minor Watson), plunges down a mountainside to end an unwanted pregnancy, and dies within sight of a choo-choo pulling out for Chicago, Chicago. Max Steiner music cues her every stormy mood. With Dona Drake, Ruth Roman, and Regis Toomey. The screenplay is by Lenore Coffee, from a novel by Stuart Engstrand. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 4.)

The Boys from Brazil—Franklin J. Schaffner's large-scale version of Ira Levin's novel about Nazi experiments in cloning is too logy and literal-minded for suspense, and when an actor like Gregory Peck plays a sadistic Nazi geneticist and speaks in an arch-villain's sibilant German accent, you can't keep from laughing. He looks particularly bad because he's playing opposite Laurence Olivier, who is the aged hero, a famous Nazi-hunter. In

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fact, Olivier is the only reason to see this movie. It starts from the dumb idea that Hitler's closest associates—whom he dragged down with him—would want him cloned. Nazism here is comic-book mythology, a consumer product. With James Mason, Rosemary Harris, Bruno Ganz, Uta Hagen, and Lilli Palmer. (10/9/78) (Art, and Little Carnegie.)

Brass Target—With Sophia Loren, John Cassavetes, and George Kennedy, directed by John Hough. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Gemini 2, and Criterion.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, made, miraculously, without compromise; taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy, yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; she has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. Adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler, from Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret." With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 4.)

California Suite—From the Neil Simon play, with Alan Alda, Jane Fonda, Richard Pryor, Bill Cosby, Walter Matthau, Elaine May, Michael Caine, and Maggie Smith. Directed by Herbert Ross. (Loews Tower East, and National.)

Caravans—Based on the James A. Michener novel, with Anthony Quinn, Jennifer O'Neill, and Michael Sarrazin. Directed by James Fargo. (Music Hall.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect; it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Jan. 3.)

Car Wash (1976)—A junk-food mixture of poetry, black anger, bathroom humor, routines that have come through the sit-com mill, and worn-to-the-stump faggot jokes. The action is centered on one workday in an L.A. car wash that is white-owned but staffed mostly by blacks. The film's specialty is yanking laughs by having adult blacks do dirtier versions of the standard pranks that naughty kids used to do in comedies. Michael Schultz directed, from a script by Joel Schumacher. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 29.)

The Clockmaker (1976)—Bertrand Tavernier's remarkable first film, from a Simenon novel. Philippe Noiret plays—beyond praise—a clockmaker in Lyons. He speaks of the matters of life as meticulously as if he were inspecting them through his watchmaker's glass. It is therefore all the more terrible for him that his young grownup son has committed chaos by murdering a right-wing informant. His son is not even political-minded; he simply feels suffocated by the existing rules. A splendid, sober film. Among new directors, Tavernier is one of the best we have. In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Thalia; Jan. 3-4.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Marcel Aymé's adaptation has clarity and power; the director, Pierre Chenal, uses the controversial but interesting technique of conveying the characters' disassociation from their environment by a slight distortion in the settings.

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As Raskolnikov, Pierre Blanchar is older, more eccentric than one expects: he emphasizes the tortured isolation, the near madness, of the character. It is in Harry Baur's performance as Inspector Porfiry that the film achieves its stature; Graham Greene long ago described the performance as "the finest in the cinema this year, with his tortoise movements, his streak of cruelty, his terrible good humor." It is one of the great performances of any year. In French. (Harold Clurman; through Dec. 28.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 1.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Dossier 51—Directed by Michel Deville. In English and French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

A Dream of Passion—With Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn, directed by Jules Dassin. In English and Greek. (Greenwich, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Every Which Way but Loose—With Clint Eastwood, directed by James Fargo. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2.)

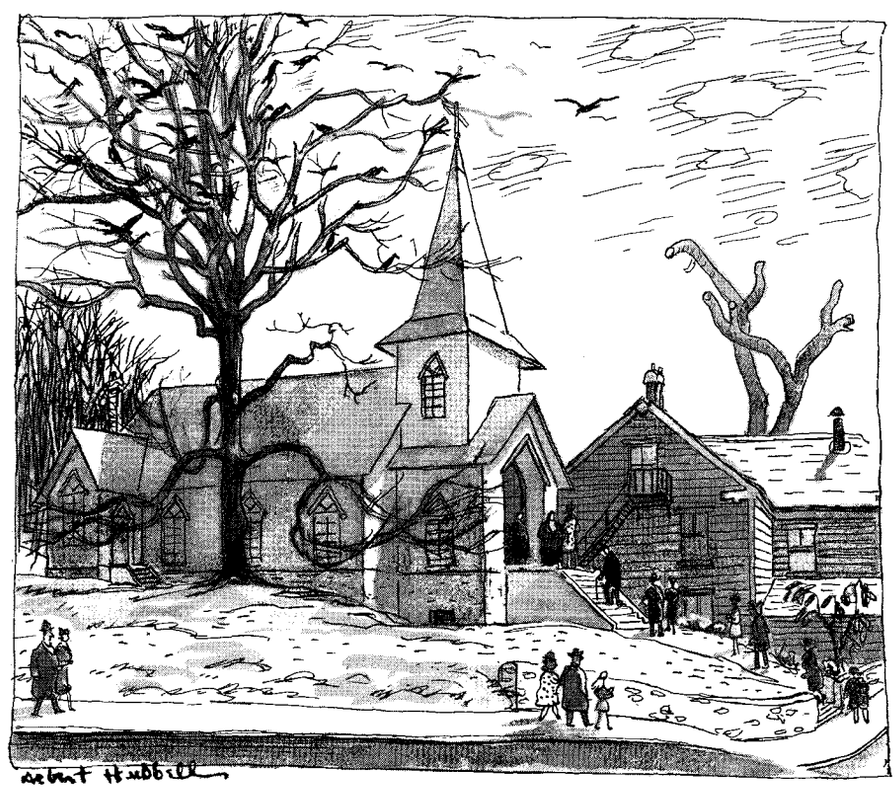
The Exile (1947)—The title is all too apropos: Max Ophuls had many sad days in Hollywood, and this piece of costumed theatrics filled a number of them. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was the producer, the writer, and the gymnastic star, and Maria Montez, Paule Croset, Henry Daniell, and Nigel Bruce appear with him. The cinematographer, Franz Planer, worked with Ophuls in happier times. From the novel "His Majesty, the King," by Cosmo Hamilton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 3.)

Force 10 from Navarone—With Robert Shaw, Harrison Ford, Barbara Bach, Edward Fox, Franco Nero, Carl Weathers, and Richard Kiel; directed by Guy Hamilton. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that haven't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartian prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Little Theatre; starting Jan. 2.)

Horse Feathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in one of their niftiest corny-surreal comedies; it isn't in the class of their "Duck Soup" but then what else is? The setting is academic, with emphasis on football; Groucho is Prof. Wagstaff, the new president of Huxley College, who explains his policy and plans in the song "Whatever It Is, I'm Against It," and Thelma Todd is the college widow to whom all four brothers make overtures. So there's some naughty sense to it when Groucho sings the picture's theme song to her, "Everyone Says 'I Love You!'" Norman McLeod directed for Paramount from a screenplay by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby (who also wrote the songs) and S. J. Perelman and Will B. Johnstone. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (Harold Clurman; through Dec. 28.)

Inserts (1976)—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, reminiscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper, and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute, romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. (Cinema Village; Jan. 3-4.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality; a full-scale science-fiction horror fable, it's a realization of the potentialities of the material—a new classic. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Gemini 1, 86th St. East, and Rivoli.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in

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the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of Sci-fi. (Thalia; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

The Joyless Street (1925; originally shown in the United States under the title "The Street of Sorrow")—Set in Vienna, this erotic view of the breakdown of postwar society made the ravishing young Greta Garbo (in the flimsiest of evening gowns) internationally famous, although the star of the film is the great, strange Asta Nielsen, as a kept woman. G. W. Pabst directed the extraordinary, novel-like triumph of cinematography and design. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 3.)

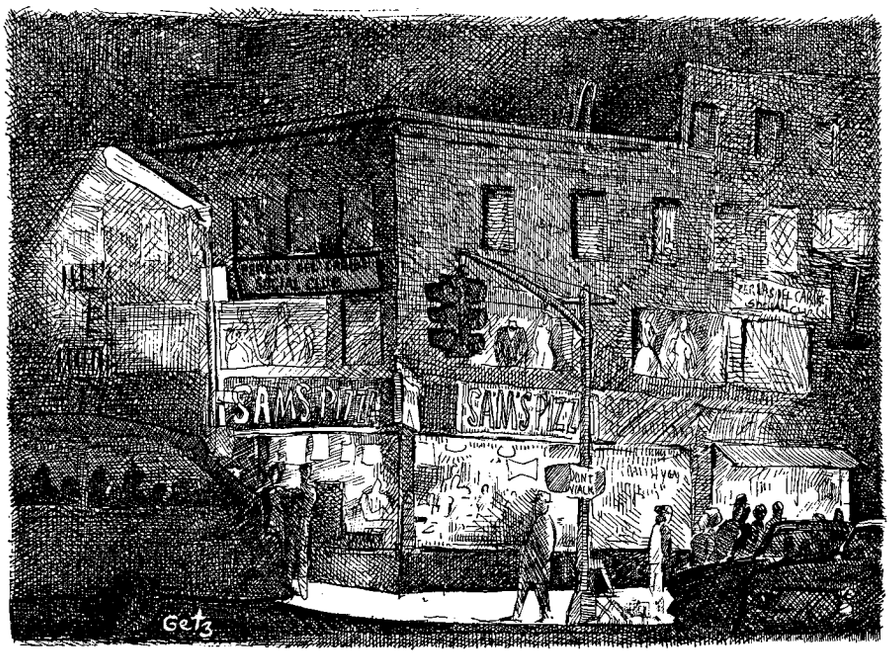
King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Sterling Hayden, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, Brooke Shields, and Eric Roberts; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1.)

The Last Wave—With Richard Chamberlain, directed by Peter Weir. (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Let Joy Reign Supreme (1975)—Bertrand Tavernier's sage reconstruction of the year 1719 in France, when the Duc d'Orléans (Philippe Noiret) was running the land as regent for the sickly little boy who was to survive—to everyone's surprise, and in the face of many hopes—to become Louis XV. Tavernier shows us the luxe, the muddle, the cruelty of the time, with many scenes full of wit, and one sequence that points straight ahead to the Revolution. Highly knowledgeable and intelligent, with a low voice about dreams of power that rings in one's ears long afterward. In French. (9/19/77) (Thalia; Jan. 3-4.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld.)

Mado—The French director Claude Sautet is a master of modulation; he doesn't labor anything—not even the defeats of his characters. (They shrug, painfully, and move on.) This is a superlatively crafted story about a group of middle-aged businessmen and young working-class dissidents who are linked by Mado (Ottavia Piccolo), a whore with red-gold hair, creamy pink skin, and a natural pout—she's like a softer young Lana Turner. The film never makes a leap to greatness, though it's consistently intelligent and has moments of surprising feeling—particularly in a sequence featuring Romy Schneider as a woman whose whole emotional life centers on a man (Michel Piccoli) who doesn't care about her. Piccoli probably does as fine a job at suggesting a shallow man's range of dissatisfaction with his existence as any actor who ever lived. With Jacques Dutronc, Julien Guiomar, Charles Denner, Jean-Denis Robert, Michel Arnaud, Bernard Fresson, and Claude Dauphin. From a script by Sautet and Claude Neron; the cinematography is by Jean Boffety (when the characters leave Paris and go to the country, the compositions often recall Auguste Renoir). In French. (Cinema Village; Jan. 2.)



Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Midnight Express—Puts the squeeze on us right from the start. It's single-minded in its manipulation of the audience: this is a clear-cut case of film technique split off from any artistic impulse. The film is based on the story of Billy Hayes, a vacationing American college student who was caught smuggling two kilos of hashish out of Turkey and imprisoned. But its juiciest episodes are inventions; the screenwriter, Oliver Stone, and the director, Alan Parker, have subjected their Billy (Brad Davis) to the most photogenic sadomasochistic brutalization that they could dream up. With John Hurt as Max, Randy Quaid as Jimmy, and Paul Smith as the Turkish head guard, Hamidou, who looks like a Picasso bull. (11/27/78) (72nd Street East; through Dec. 28.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Coronet.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The four Marx Brothers as anarchic stowaways on an ocean liner who get involved with bootleggers and Thelma Todd. The first of their films written directly for the screen (by S. J. Perelman and others). Norman McLeod directed this heavenly, corny nonsense. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 30.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

National Lampoon's Animal House—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Embassy.)

Oliver's Story—A sequel to "Love Story," with Ryan O'Neal again in the role of Oliver Barrett IV. Also with Candice Bergen; directed by John Korty. (34th St. East, Trans-Lux East, and Loews State 2.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most

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powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Regency; starting Jan. 3.)

Rain and Shine—Directed by Ferenc András. In Hungarian. (Cinema Studio 2.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I.)

Slap Shot (1977)—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself; the picture is geared to giving the public "what it wants"—and there's an antagonistic feeling behind it. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 28.)

Slow Dancing in the Big City—A boxing-movie-type ballet movie—Rocky as a young ballerina (Anne Ditchburn), who has to learn that she's a champion inside. The man who teaches her is a Jimmy Breslin-like columnist (Paul Sorvino), who works for the *News*. The film aims for our hearts with brass knuckles, in the Breslin manner, and it never once lands on target. The earnestness and shamelessness of the director, John G. Avildsen (whose previous picture *was* "Rocky"), are so awesome, though, that if the picture fails as romance it succeeds as camp. (11/20/78) (Cinema II.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. Directed by Harold Prince. (Cinema Village; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Superman—With Christopher Reeve in the title role. Also with Marlon Brando, Susannah York, Gene Hackman, Glenn Ford, and Jackie Cooper; directed by Richard Donner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Uncle Joe Shannon—With Burt Young, Doug McKeon, Madge Sinclair, and Jason Bernard; directed by Joseph C. Hanwright. (Festival.)

Under Capricorn (1940)—A Hitchcock stinker, set in Australia in the early nineteenth century (though shot in England, for Warners). High-born English Ingrid Bergman (!) is Lady Henrietta, who elopes with a stableman, Joseph Cotten (!), becomes alcoholic, and falls in love with her visiting cousin, Michael Wilding. The casting in this movie defies all reason, and includes Margaret Leighton as a servant. (Thalia; Dec. 29-30.)

Unfaithfully Yours (1948)—A classic American comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, that got terrible reviews and failed at the box office when it first came out. Symphony conductor Rex Harrison (at the top of his form in this parody of Sir Thomas Beecham) disposes of his wife (Linda Darnell) in three different ways to the music of Rossini, Wagner, and Tchaikovsky. With Edgar Kennedy, Rudy Vallée, Kurt Kreuger, Barbara Lawrence, and Lionel Stander. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 31-Jan. 1.)

Wilderness Family, Part 2—With Robert Logan, directed by Frank Zuniga. (D. W. Griffith, U. A. East, Guild, Olympia, and Embassy 1.)

The Wiz—With Diana Ross in the lead, Dorothy is now a shy schoolteacher in Harlem, and Diana Ross's shy is like Sergeant Bilko's modest. Fervently wet-eyed, she sings songs of preachy uplift in relentlessly slow arrangements. Nipsey Russell (as the Tinman) is able to ride right over the film's muddy carelessness, and a sweetness comes through the Pagliacci makeup that Michael Jackson wears as the Scarecrow, and Mabel King, who plays the Wicked Witch, has a hot growly song. But the whole production has a stagnant atmosphere, and the big dance numbers are free-form traffic jams. With Lena Horne, Richard Pryor, and Ted Ross. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (10/30/78) (Plaza, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum.)

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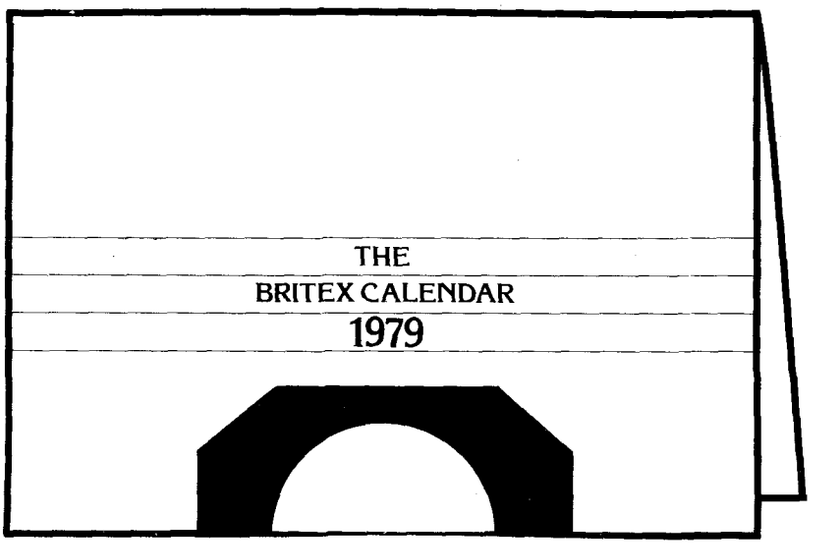

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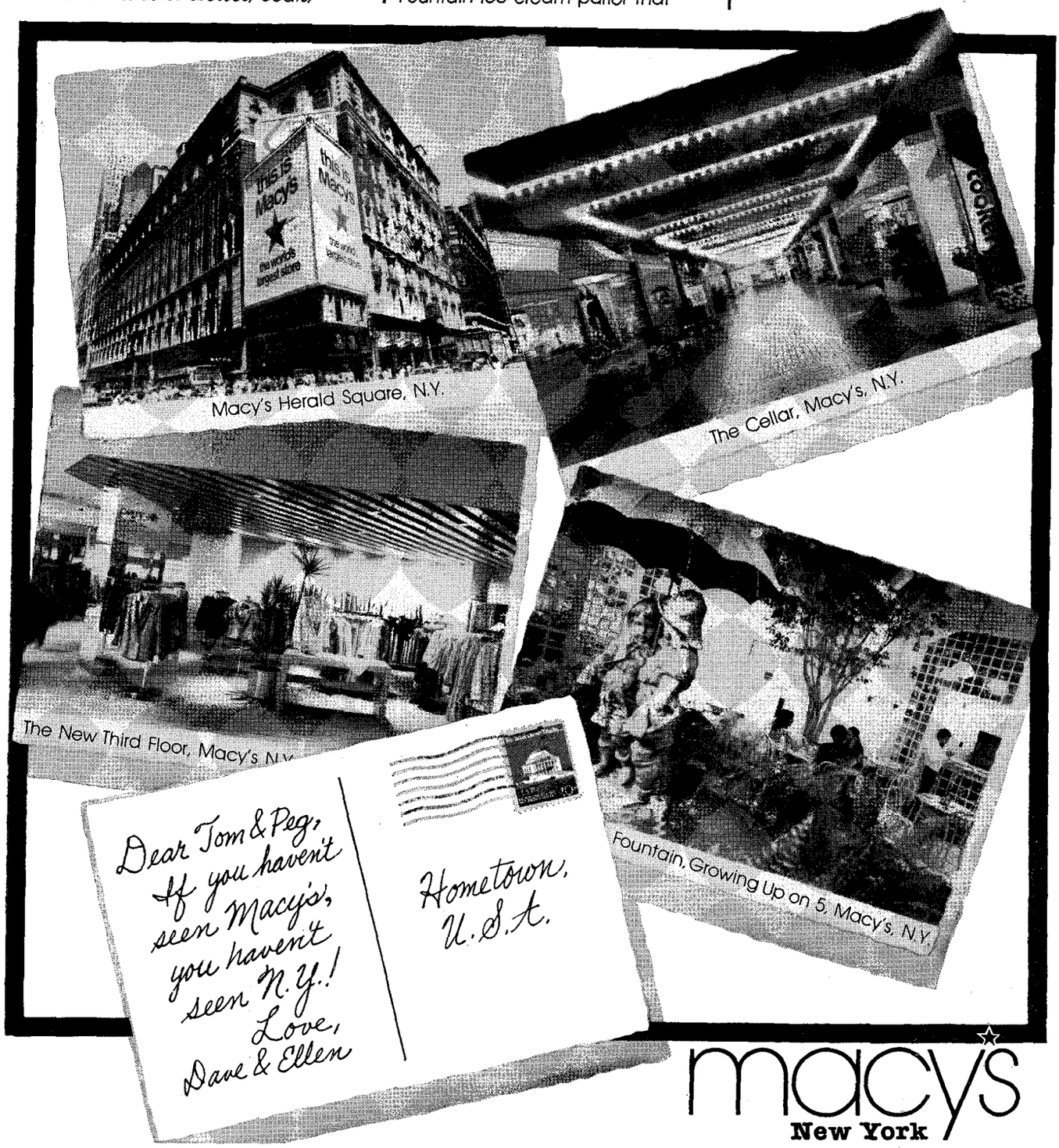

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FROM a colleague who has logged many, many miles in the air:

I don't know what to make of this. It has just come to my attention that Northern Illinois University, in DeKalb, has been given some scratch by the National Endowment for the Humanities for an In-Flight Humanities Project, and that the money is being spent to "test the feasibility of a 'humanities channel' on the in-flight entertainment systems of the nation's air transports." The in-flight entertainment systems I am most familiar with are the liquor, the movies, the magazines, the pretty stewardesses, and the travelogues of garrulous pilots and co-pilots. That's a lot of entertainment—sometimes too much—right there. But what the people in Washington and DeKalb are thinking about is the canned music and comedy one can hear if one uses the headsets that most big airlines now provide. The In-Flight Humanities Project wants to add a "humanities channel." By my definition, everything at present on the seven or nine channels now available belongs to the humanities (though some things, of course, are a lot more human than others). Nevertheless, Uncle Sam, who wants our minds and spirits to soar along with our bodies, thinks we need more, and what he seems to be after is some highbrow and middlebrow talk about Serious Matters (one-hour programs, three twenty-minute segments) to "suit the listening environment of the airline cabin." I have never thought of myself as invading a "listening environment" when I have made my way along the narrow, crowded aisle to the smoking-permitted section—often an arduous journey, not lightened by the glares of disapproval that smokers get nowadays. Whenever I can, which is most of the time, I take along enough reading to last the flight. To me, the modern, quiet, smooth-riding jet is a splendid "reading environment" and—if I get a window seat—in good weather, and sometimes excitingly in bad, a fine "seeing environment." (One of the categories that the Northern Illinois people are looking into—along with "Books and Authors," "How Humanists Work," and "Confrontations"—is "Heartlands of America." I never knew there was more than one, and on a clear day, flying over DeKalb and territory nearby, I would just as soon look at it as hear about it, though I suppose I could, to my profit, do both, just as I could tune in on "How Humanists Work" and keep my eye on a humanistic stewardess working in the aisle.) It's possible that the In-Flight Humanities Project may be a good thing. If it succeeds in the air, it may come to earth in buses and taxis and go underground to the subways, where there are no stewardesses, and where headsets bringing us the wit and wisdom of Max Lerner and Norman Cousins might be welcome substitutes for the earplugs we keep forgetting to buy.

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Chanel

SINCE nothing pleases us more than a chance to observe the making of a footnote to history, we lost no time in accepting an invitation from Christie's, the London-based auction house, to attend the sale of what the firm described as "the personal collection" of Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel, the celebrated couturière, who died in 1971, at the age of eighty-seven. The collection, consisting of about forty suits and dresses and forty-four pieces of costume jewelry designed by, and in many cases worn by, Chanel between 1954 and 1971, together with some three dozen accessories such as handbags and scarves, was assembled and owned by Mme. Lilian Grumbach, an enterprising Frenchwoman who started work for Chanel as her press representative and went on to become her closest colleague during the last fourteen years of her life. To make a proper occasion of the final salute to the most famous and perhaps the most influential costumer of this century, Christie's took what was for it the unusual step of holding the sale on

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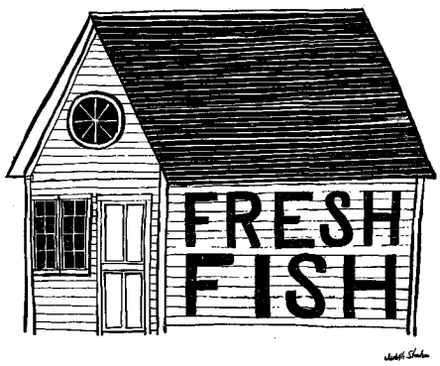
a Saturday evening (when Londoners have normally fled to the country) and, furthermore, preceding it with a champagne reception, to get under way at six o'clock. When we arrived, shortly thereafter, the scene outside Christie's was rather like that at a movie première: newspaper photographers and television and radio crews were milling about at the entrance while limousines and taxis deposited guests, many in evening dress. "Pretty nobby lot for a sale of secondhand clothes," a television sound man said as a steady stream of mink coats passed by.

Moving into the foyer, we noticed among the early arrivals who were ascending the staircase to the reception, on the second floor, representatives of practically all the important fashion houses except the House of Chanel, which took a very dim view of the auction ("It's making money from love," a company spokesman said); the Dowager Duchess of Argyll, slender and smiling in a black satin dress and pearls; the Ambassador of Saudi Arabia; Baroness David de Rothschild; and the dazzling Marchioness of Linlithgow. They were soon joined by scores and scores of other guests, speaking, it seemed, every European language, not to mention a few Far Eastern tongues, and dressed in infinite variety, who ranged from two middle-aged women in mock-Chanel outfits to a quartet of pint-sized male punk rockers, one in a paratrooper's formfitting uniform, another in a sharp black suit and a wide gold sash adorned with what looked like Boy Scout merit badges, and all with the hair.

By the time we had made our way through the ever-increasing crowd on the staircase and reached the reception, the room was so densely packed that we could barely inch our way inside, much less reach the bar where Veuve Clicquot was being served. (The fashion lovers, we learned later, polished off some twenty-three dozen bottles.) "I heard that three hundred invitations to this elegant rummage sale were stolen and sold at hotels like theatre tickets," a blond young man said, trying to hold his glass above the tumult. Nearby, a bespectacled older man in a dinner jacket took a firm grip on the arm of the woman with him. "This has all the ingredients of an incipient panic—we're leaving," he said, and they started elbowing their way out.

After absorbing a share of elbowing, we reached the so-called Main Room—also on the second floor—where the sale was to be conducted, and found that most of the guests with reserved seats had managed to get to them. Practically every inch of standing room was occupied, much of it by dozens of British, American, German, Italian, and French journalists and television crews. Amid the pandemonium (the reason for which, it turned out, was that Christie's had arranged seating for almost four hundred guests and standing room for about two hundred and fifty, and more than twice that many people had shown up), the firm's public-relations director, Mr. John Herbert, and his staff had somehow been able to seat not only the guests in the Main Room but also guests with reserved seats in the West Room, where the proceedings would be carried by closed-circuit television, and to rope off an aisle through the standees who were packed between the two rooms. At a quarter past seven, only fifteen minutes behind schedule, the chairman of Christie's, Mr. J. A. Floyd, mounted the rostrum, and the sale, stage-managed by Mr. Michael Broadbent, the director who had organized the event, and who was resplendent in a velvet dinner jacket, got under way.

The costume jewelry was sold first. As each item was displayed, it was described, first in French and then in English, by Princesse Jeanne-Marie de Broglie, Christie's representative in Paris. The bidding on Lot 1, a brooch set with three large and five smaller simulated emeralds, started at a hundred pounds and proceeded briskly to four hundred and fifty pounds, where it was knocked down to a London antique dealer. Then the prices began to go up. Lot 2, a lozenge-shaped brooch, brought five hundred and fifty pounds. Lot 5, an oval filigree brooch, which was said to be Chanel's favorite piece of junk jewelry, brought a thousand pounds. Lot 8, a brooch with a simulated emerald and three simulated baroque pearls, brought sixteen hundred pounds. That lot fetched the highest price of any of the jewelry, and was bought, as Lots 2 and 5 had also been, by a London dealer acting for a firm of Swiss jewellers named Xoilan. Altogether, they spent more than anybody else at the sale—an even seven thousand pounds. Other pieces—bangles, bar brooches, Byzantine crosses, necklaces—went for prices that greatly exceeded Christie's expectations and served to keep the chairman's face wreathed in smiles. The sets of fake pearls for which Chanel was famous (the catalogue quoted Dior: "With a black sweater and ten rows of pearls, Chanel revolutionized fashion") were snapped up for between a hundred and forty and three hundred and fifty pounds each. A pair of gilt-metal earrings went for a hundred and forty pounds; they and the pearls that went for that figure fetched the lowest prices of any of the jewelry, which wound up bringing in a total of £21,420.



Maintaining the rapid pace, the show proceeded directly to the sale of the wardrobe, with the modelling—all the suits and dresses were shown by professional mannequins—of the first item, a beige tweed suit bound with braid and bright-pink silk. One of Chanel's favorite suits and a classic example of her design and tailoring, this was known to all prospective buyers as a key piece in the collection. Even so, when the bidding opened at a thousand pounds there were several well-mannered gasps in the audience. The bidding continued at a gallop, the Oslo Museum leading the way and finally claiming the suit for twenty-four hundred pounds. This was the top price of the evening (the lowest was twenty-five pounds, for a pair of slingback shoes), but even the least fancied suits and dresses brought no less than five hundred pounds. The Smithsonian Institution paid a thousand pounds for a pink-and-pale-blue checked tweed suit and four hundred pounds for a quilted jersey handbag. To Christie's surprise and disappointment, New York's Metropolitan Museum was not represented at the sale, but the audience did include a scattering of Americans in addition to the Smithsonian representative. The one who made the biggest splash was a bidder apparently identified as the Jupiter Corporation, of San Francisco, which paid fifteen hundred pounds for a white silk chiffon evening dress (the last dress that Chanel made for herself) and eighteen hundred pounds for a brown velvet suit with a floral print. The most spirited bidding and much of the buying of the wardrobe were done by British museums, the Victoria and Albert among them, although there were many private buyers—including Baroness David de Rothschild, who bought seven hundred pounds' worth of costume jewelry and paid fifteen hundred pounds for a little black dress.

Aside from the accessories, the sale

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"Actually, Harold's crazy about me—he just doesn't act out."

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came to an end with the offering of Chanel's so-called overalls (they looked more like a smart sports outfit), made of white raised piqué and, like everything else she designed, smashing to look at and efficient to wear. Bidders for these were numerous—they included a female member of a television crew perched on a platform near the ceiling ("The highest bid of the evening," the chairman said, making a little joke)—and the overalls went, at length, to the Bath Museum for six hundred pounds. The grand total for the evening, when it was reckoned later, came to £68,655—a result that would no doubt have given much satisfaction to Mlle. Chanel, for it rather nicely demonstrated her two favorite maxims: "Old clothes are old friends" and "Chanel never goes out of date."

Off to China

R. Couri Hay, who is the celebrity columnist for the *National Enquirer* and the star and producer of his own celebrity-interview show on Channel C, a local cable-television station, said over the telephone the other day, "I am going to China. I will be there over the holidays. It's going to be very interesting, because, let's face it, China has turned around. My God, I think they are going to be welcoming us with American flags. I'm going with Zandra Rhodes. You know who Zandra Rhodes is? Well, she's in fashion. [We can't seem to escape it this week.] Zandra is taking her sketchbook, because they have promised to open up some museums for us. I'm sure her next collection will have a Chinese influence. I am taking summer clothes and winter clothes. I mean, we're going to hot China and cold China. I am taking jeans, of course, long underwear, L. L. Bean boots, my new Ralph Lauren baseball jacket lined with nutria. It's in red poplin. I'm not expecting any trouble in China. I mean, they are embracing capitalism. I am going to dress in red, white, and blue—I don't want people to think I am Russian, or something. That should be fun. I am hoping the hotels will be great. We're not allowed to tip, but it was suggested to us that we take little trinkets. I am going to take key chains with the Empire State Building attached to them. That should be fun. We've also been told not to take any ties or suits. Absolutely no ties. Interesting. For me to go away on a vacation, I have to go to extremes to avoid gossip. I mean, I can't just go to Europe, or something like that. That's why I am going to China quick. With their new capitalist thinking, and our recognizing them, and all that, soon it might be like going to the Coast. I have been practicing with my chopsticks, though secretly I am hoping the food will be lousy, so that I can lose a few pounds. That's what I would like while I'm there. A diet free of gossip and calories. We're leaving from San Francisco and stopping off in Manila to attend a dinner given by Mme. Marcos. Then to Hong Kong, which is a pretty normal place. I think it's so interesting how you get to places. We'll be going to China by train from Hong Kong. That sounds interesting. When we get to China, one of the places we are going to is Sian. Sian is such a marvellous idea. I mean, this is so unseen by white eyes. Seven months ago, I went to Cuba, but I had to go by way of Mexico. When you go to these strange Communist countries, you have to go to another country first. On the way back, I had to charter a plane to the Bahamas. The pilot couldn't speak English. Later, I found out we almost crashed. He couldn't read the map. But how many people charter a plane from Cuba?"

Up Here

NEAR the summit of Ferris Hill in Inwood, the highest natural point on Manhattan Island, in one of a very few private homes in the area, resides the most active member of the Washington Heights Historical Society, Mr. Edward McGuinness. Mr.

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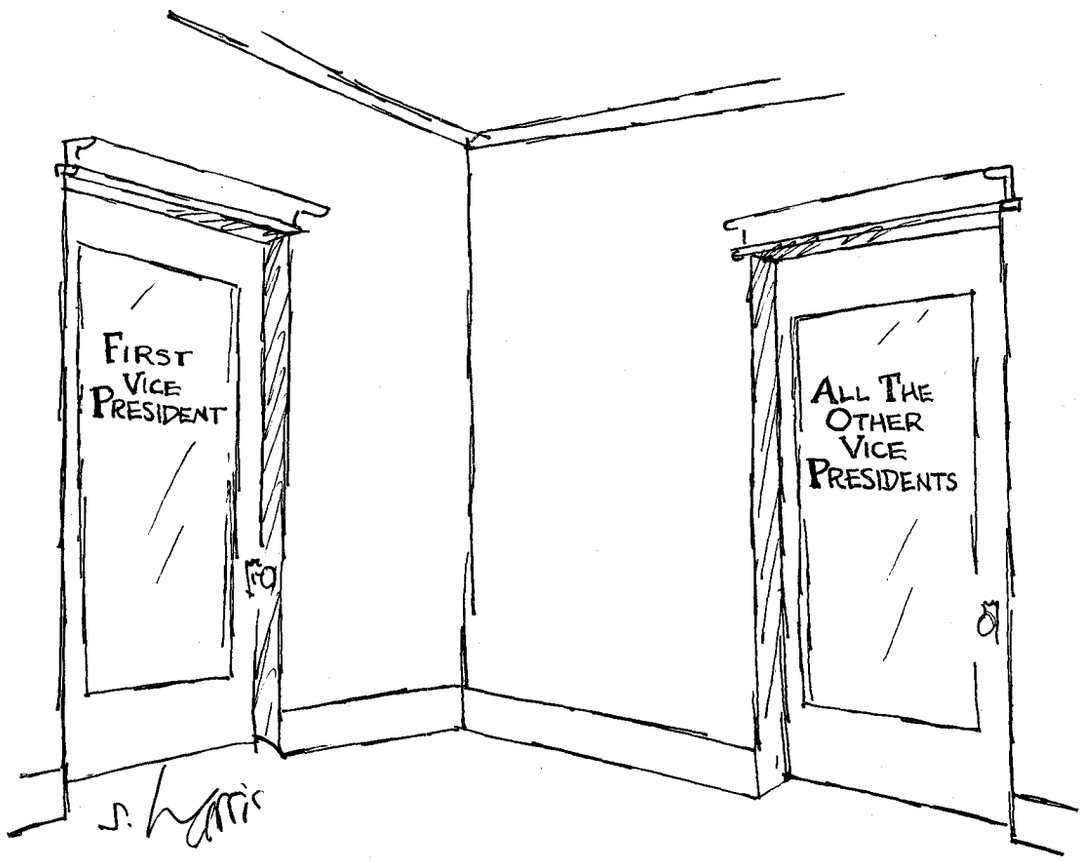
McGuinness, who is a thirty-three-year-old schoolteacher and a longtime resident of Washington Heights-Inwood, joined the society in 1966, shortly after it was founded for the express purpose of lobbying for landmark preservation; in 1967, after the organization achieved its goal on behalf of the Hamilton Grange, at Convent Avenue and 143rd Street, many members dropped out, leaving Mr. McGuinness to carry on with only about a dozen others. On his own, Mr. McGuinness has since led seasonal tours of local parks and anecdotal tours of local historical and cultural sites, and this year he was planning a Christmas Eve walk to Clement Clarke Moore's grave, in the Trinity Church Cemetery on West 155th Street, where Moore's poem "A Visit from St. Nicholas" ("'Twas the night before Christmas") was to be recited.

We met with Mr. McGuinness at his home, where he keeps his collection of local historical artifacts and books—by his account, the largest private collection of its kind. The McGuinness home is a simple two-story brick house that was built in 1927. Mr. McGuinness ushered us into an upstairs study, which he told us was largely devoted to the history of the Washington Heights-Inwood area, and there we sat surrounded by a teeming library of books on the subject of northern Manhattan. Mr. McGuinness wore a mustard-colored crew-neck sweater over a crisp-collared tan shirt, brown tweed trousers, and smoky-gray-framed glasses, and as he spoke, quietly, puffing on a pipe, while resting comfortably in a stuffed armchair, we could sense his great enthusiasm for his native neighborhood and its history.

"There really hasn't been much interest in the society, to be frank with you," Mr. McGuinness told us straightaway. "We don't have a community that really cares about landmarks. We're not the Village or Brooklyn Heights. But I'll tell you—I can go to Rockland County, it's attractive, or the Hudson Valley, it's attractive, but a stone's throw from my back porch is Inwood Hill Park, which has more varieties of trees than Central Park, and it's great to ramble in any time of the year. It's quiet. The most noticeable sounds you hear are the foghorns on the river. You could be anywhere. But— How can I say it? Two people hear the same symphonic music—one is thrilled by the gusto and fervor of the music, the other is lulled to sleep. When a neighborhood loses that diversity, it dies. And we're losing it. For the most part, what we've got now is a working-class community whose members have always believed that they were one kind among themselves. We need to pull in some leaven to make the rest rise."

Mr. McGuinness explained that, historically, the Heights-Inwood area has suffered from a false sense of isolation. "After the old trolley barn was moved up from Fiftieth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues to the Kingsbridge depot, at what is now Two Hundred and Eighteenth Street and Broadway, back in the eighteen-nineties, the German farmers moved away, and the Irish families that moved up here thought they were in heaven," he said. "It was an area adjacent to still beautiful rolling farmland and estates. The children in these Irish families began to think of themselves as being better off than their relatives in the Bronx, and wanted nothing to do with the downtown Irish they'd left behind, either. 'Oh, no, not up here' was the standard attitude. And nine Catholic churches ultimately went up in this area. So, you see, people around here were led to believe that they lived in a kind of safe preserve, all alone." Mr. McGuinness added that a similar situation had existed in Indian times, when the peaceful Algonquian Indians isolated themselves in the woods of Inwood Hill Park, but that, while they were safely hidden there from the belligerent Canarsee Indians downtown, they were tragically blind to the Mohawk Indians canoeing down the Hudson River, weapons poised.

Mr. McGuinness showed us a passage in a book that dealt with this Indian era of Inwood history, and he cheerfully pulled out several other volumes for us to see. Some of the titles were "Washington Heights—Its Eventful Past," by Reginald Pelham Bolton (Mr. McGuinness called it "the standard Bible"); "Highways and Byways on the North End," by Arthur G. Swiftt; and "The Green Meadow of Minnie's Land" (Minnie's Land was the historical nickname of Inwood), by Arthur Abbott. Then, having stacked the books next to a number of privately published books and church documents, Mr. McGuinness removed several boxes and folders from a crowded closet, and some smaller boxes and bound papers from a davenport next to his armchair. All the containers were carefully wrapped and catalogued. The collection of local historical artifacts included an envelope marked "William H. Bonney as a Kid" and holding daguerreotypes of Billy the



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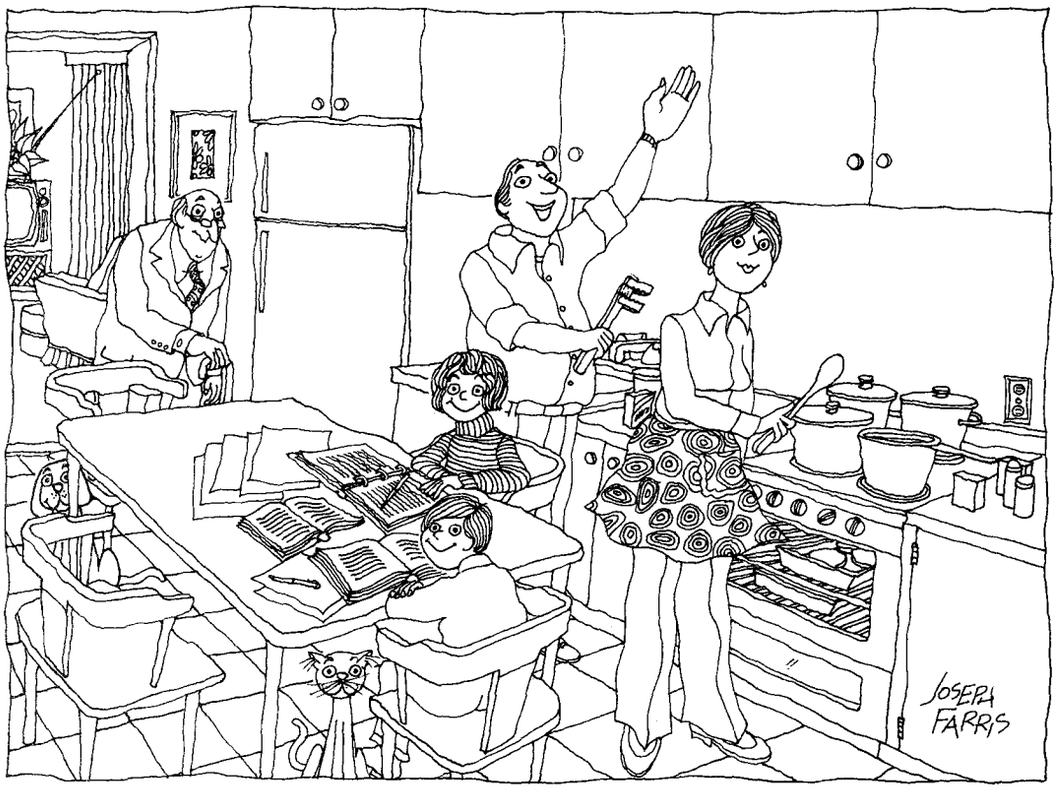
Kid, whose family once owned a house at 159th Street and Amsterdam Avenue; tiny wire-framed glasses and a leather-bound prayer book that had belonged to Margaret Corbin, the first woman to receive an Army pension, as a result of wounds she received during the fighting on Washington Heights, in November of 1776; a uniform button from the same year; a gold coin that Mr. McGuinness had traced to the Hessian mercenaries of the 17th Foot Regiment, who fought for the British in the War of Independence; a series of plastic-sheathed photographs following, step by step, the construction of High Bridge, which now stands like a ruin over the Harlem River; and a packet of clippings about the Washington Heights Historical Society's part in obtaining landmark status for the Hamilton Grange. We particularly admired an old postcard of an amusement park on the east bank of Fort George Hill, which is now the site of George Washington High School.



Simulated Picture

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Mr. McGuinness suggested that he take us on a brief tour of the Heights, so we both bundled up and started down a very long and steep series of steps leading from a side street called Park Terrace East to Broadway, where we waited for a southbound M-100 bus. "See that over there?" Mr. McGuinness said, pointing to a sturdy-looking arch over the driveway to Jack Gallo's Auto Body, at 216th Street. "That grand, noble granite arch was the carriage entrance to the Sherman-Drake Estate." He shook his head, and his expression grew grim. "I mean, come *on*," he said.

The M-100 bus took us down Broadway, which turned out to be the dividing line between the attractive and the unsuccessful sides of Washington Heights-Inwood. All the way from 215th Street to 155th Street, we noticed that west of Broadway, which is outlined by Isham, Inwood Hill, and Fort Tryon Parks, the neighborhood seemed unusually tranquil, while east of Broadway the apartment buildings began to look the worse for wear, and the commercial frontage was a sad patchwork of popular franchise outlets, fading neighborhood service shops, and bars. We passed the Dyckman House, at 204th Street—a small brick-and-fieldstone house built by descendants of the early Dutch settlers of the area—which now appeared to be a roosting spot for Inwood's senior citizens; climbed slowly up a long incline to 181st Street, where the R.K.O. Coliseum movie theatre stands; rolled by Reverend Ike's United Church, which was once the grand Loew's 175th Street Theatre; and continued down past the Audubon Terrace complex and into the Hundred and Forties, where Broadway grew increasingly populated. Here we passed some streets where the buildings had broken windows and useless mailboxes, and some where Mr. McGuinness pointed out rows of freshly painted and properly maintained brownstones.

"You see, I never found myself isolated, having grown up in the Heights-Inwood area," Mr. McGuinness said as we got off the bus and began walking east toward the Hamilton Grange. "When I was around junior-high-school age, I'd get a group of friends together and we'd go off to try to find a spot we'd heard about in class—like, we heard mention of a Battle of Pell's Point, in the Bronx. I guessed it was near a Pelham Bay station I'd heard of in the Bronx, so we went up to Van Cortlandt Park and over the old Boston & Westchester tracks, where the Major Deegan Expressway is now, and into the Woodlawn area. We really got lost. At ten-thirty at night, we finally got a bus that took us toward Yankee Stadium, and from there we found our way back. The only thing I discovered that day was that there is a north, south, east, and west in New York City; that night, my father and I studied the maps together. I've never forgotten that. It's why I am still hoping that a historical society might stir up new interest in finding the paths going back. I mean, look at this area—what a shot in the arm it was for the whole community when the Hamilton Grange was made a landmark. I remember one time when I took a group down around here we saw a couple of young kids on a Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street ripping the chrome off a car, or something, and I called out to ask one of them whether he realized that on that very street Samuel Morse sent the first telegraph message over to New Jersey. 'You mean the first telegraph message was sent from my block?' the kid asked me. And then he turned to his friend and said, 'You see, this ain't no slum up here.'" Mr. McGuinness smiled broadly. "That was a landmark day," he said.

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CAPTAIN BLOOD

WHEN Captain Blood goes to sea, he locks the doors and windows of his house on Cow Island personally. When Captain Blood, at sea, paces the deck, he usually paces the foredeck rather than the afterdeck—a matter of personal preference. He keeps marmalade and a spider monkey in his cabin, and four perukes on stands.

When Captain Blood, at sea, discovers that he is pursued by the Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, he considers throwing the women overboard so that they will drift like so many giant lotuses, in their green, lavender, purple, and blue gowns, across Van Tromp's path, and he will have to stop and pick them up. Blood will have the women fitted with life jackets under their dresses. They will hardly be in much danger at all! But what if a sea turtle decides to take a nip of a bare white, floating arm? No, the women cannot be thrown overboard. Vile, vile! What could he have been thinking of? Of the patterns they would have made floating on the surface of the water, in the moonlight, a cerise gown, a silver gown . . .

Captain Blood presents a façade of steely imperturbability. He is poring over his charts, promising everyone that things will get better. Although now and then he has a dank thought: Should he try another course? Another ocean? Such thoughts creep upon every leader, even the best. They are as close as the gold hoop in a pirate's ear, as numerous as the gulls the pirates shoot at to maintain the fine edge of their marksmanship. There has not been one bit of booty in the last eight months. The men have been quite decent about this. Nothing has been said. Still, it's nerve-racking.

When Captain Blood retires for the night (leaving orders that he be called instantly if something comes up) he reads, usually. Or smokes, thinking calmly of last things.

Captain Blood's hideous reputation should not, strictly speaking, be painted nearly so redly as it is. Many a man walks the streets of Panama City, or Port Royal, or San Lorenzo, alive and well, who would have been stuck through the gizzard with a rapier, or smashed in the brain with a boarding pike, had it not been for Blood's swift, cheerful intervention. Of course, there are times when severe measures are unavoidable. At these times he does not flinch, but takes appropriate action with admirable steadiness. There are no two ways about it: when one looses a seventy-four-gun broadside against the fragile hull of another vessel, carnage results.

Blood at dawn, a solitary figure pacing the foredeck. No other sail in sight. He reaches into the pocket of his blue velvet jacket trimmed with silver lace. His hand closes over three round, white objects: mothballs. In disgust, he throws them over the side. One *makes* one's luck, he thinks. Reaching into another pocket, he withdraws a folded parchment tied with ribbon. Unwrapping the little packet, he finds that it is a memo that he wrote to himself ten months earlier. "*Dolphin*, Captain Darbraunce, 120 tons, cargo silver, paprika, bananas, sailing Mar. 10 Havana. *Be there!*" Chuckling, Blood goes off to seek his mate, Oglethorpe—that laughing blond giant of a man.

WHEN Captain Blood sails under false colors—that is to say, most of the time—he doesn't really like it. There is something about sailing under false colors that is deeply repugnant to his nature. It makes him feel a sham. Deviousness is not the talent he admires most in himself (although he has it in good measure). On the other hand, society as a whole may be thought of as a kind of theatre, where men and women play the parts dealt them by Providence. Blood has often pondered this view, alone at night in his cabin, smoking.

Who will be aboard this vessel which is now within cannon shot, wonders Captain Blood. Rich people, I hope, with gold and silver watch fobs and other pretty things aplenty.

"Black Dog, where is Mr. Oglethorpe?"

"I am not Black Dog, sir. I am John of Orkney."

"Sorry, John. Has Mr. Oglethorpe carried out my instructions?"

"Yes, sir. He is forward, crouching over the bombard, lighted cheroot in hand, ready to fire."

"Well, fire then."

"Fire!"

BAM!

"The other captain doesn't understand!"

"He's not heaving to!"

"He's ignoring us!"

"The dolt!"

"Fire again!"

BAM!

"That did it!"

"He's turning into the wind!"

"He's dropped anchor!"

"He's lowering sail!"

"Very well, Mr. Oglethorpe. You may prepare to board."

"Very well, Peter."

"And Jeremy—"

"Yes, Peter?"

"I know we've had rather a thin time of it these last ten months."

"Well it hasn't been so bad, Peter. A little slow, perhaps . . ."

"Well, before we board, I'd like you to convey to the men my appreciation for their patience. Patience and, I may say, tact."

"We knew you'd turn up something, Peter."

"Just tell them for me, will you?"

ALWAYS a wonderful moment, thinks Captain Blood. Preparing to board. Pistol in one hand, naked cutlass in the other. Dropping lightly to the deck of the engrappled vessel. Backed by one's grinning, leering, disorderly, rapacious crew who are nevertheless under the strictest buccaneer discipline. There to confront the little band of fear-crazed victims shrinking from the entirely possible carnage. Among them, several beautiful women, but one really spectacular beautiful woman who stands a bit apart from her sisters, clutching a machete with which she intends, against all reason, to—

When Captain Blood celebrates the acquisition of a rich prize, he goes down to the galley himself and cooks *tallarines catalanes* (noodles, spareribs, almonds, pine nuts) for all hands. The name of the captured vessel is entered in a little book along with the names of all the others he has captured in a long career. Here are some of them: *Oxford, Luis, Fortune, Lambe, Jamaica Merchant, Betty, Prosperous, Endeavour, Falcon, Bonadventure, Constant Thomas, Marquesa, Señora del Carmen, Recovery, Maria Gloriosa, Virgin Queen, Esmerelda, Havana, San Felipe, Steadfast* . . .

The true buccaneer is not persuaded

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that God is not on his side, too—especially if, as is often the case, he turned pirate after some monstrously unjust thing was done to him, such as being press-ganged into one or another of the Royal Navies when he was merely innocently having a drink at a waterfront tavern, or confined to the stinking dungeons of the Inquisition just for making some idle, thoughtless, light remark. Thereupon Blood feels himself to be devout, in his own way, and has endowed candles burning in churches in most of the great cities of the New World. Although not under his own name.

Captain Blood roams ceaselessly, making daring raids. The average raid yields something like fifty thousand pieces of eight, which is apportioned fairly among the crew, with wounded men getting more according to the gravity of their wounds. A cut ear is worth two pieces, for example, while a cut-*off* is worth ten to twelve, depending on whether the individual still has the other ear or whether it has vanished in some previous fight. The scale of payments for injuries is posted in the forecastle.

AN amusing incident: Captain Blood has overhauled a naval vessel, has caused her to drop anchor (on this particular voyage he is sailing with three other ships under his command and a total enlistment of nearly one thousand men) and is now interviewing the arrested captain in his cabin.

"And what may be your name, sir? If I may ask?"

"Jones, sir."

"What kind of a name is that? English, I take it."

"No, it's American, sir."

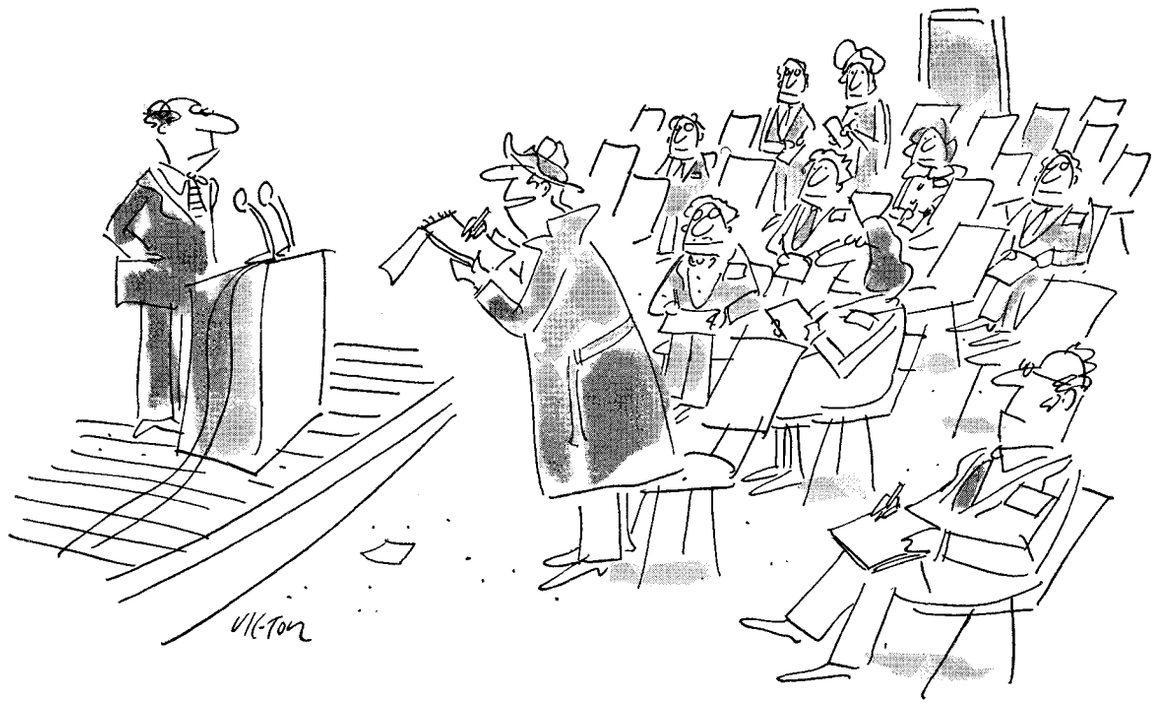
"American? What is an American?"

"America is a new nation among the nations of the world."

"I've not heard of it. Where is it?"

"North of here. North and west. It's a very small nation, at present, and has only been a nation for about two years."

"But the name of your ship is French."



"Who? What? Where? Why? And when?"

• •

"Yes, it is. It is named in honor of Benjamin Franklin, one of our American heroes."

"*Bonhomme Richard*? What has that to do with Benjamin or Franklin?"

"Well it's an allusion to an almanac Dr. Franklin published called—"

"You weary me, sir. You are captured, American or no, so tell me—do you surrender, with all your men, fittings, cargo, and whatever?"

"Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

"Captain, this is madness. We have you completely surrounded. Furthermore there is a great hole in your hull below the waterline where our warning shot, which was slightly miscalculated, bashed in your timbers. You are taking water at a fearsome rate. And still you wish to fight?"

"It is the pluck of us Americans, sir. We are just that way. Our tiny nation has to be pluckier than most if it is to survive among the bigger, older nations of the world."

"Well, bless my soul. Jones, you are the damnedest goatsucker I ever did see. Stab me if I am not tempted to let you go scot-free, just because of your amazing pluck."

"No, sir, I insist on fighting. As founder of the American naval tradition, I do not wish to set a bad example."

"Jones, return to your vessel and be off."

"No, sir, I will fight to the last shred of canvas, for the honor of America."

"Jones, even in America, wherever it is, you must have encountered the word 'ninny.'"

"Oh. I see. Well then. I think we'll be weighing anchor, Captain, with your permission."

"Choose your occasions, Captain. And God be with you."

BLOOD at dawn, a solitary figure pacing the foredeck. The world of piracy is wide, and at the same time narrow. One can be gallant all day long, and still end up with a spider monkey for a wife. And what does his mother think of him?

The favorite dance of Captain Blood is the grave and haunting Catalonian *sardana*, in which the participants join hands to form a ring which gradually becomes larger, then smaller, and which is danced without smiling, for the most part. He frequently dances this with his men, in the middle of the ocean, after lunch, to the music of a single silver trumpet.

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

MONTEREY, CAL.—The scene has been replayed more times than even Gerald Ford can count.

The crowd against the airport fence watches as the plane taxis to a speaker's platform. The door opens, and Ford steps from the plane. A young man with a bullhorn leads the chant.

"One, two, three, four. Who do we appre-ci-ate? Jer-ry, Jer-ry, Jerry Ford!"

—*Chicago Tribune*

Republicans make lousy poets.

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WINTER

EVERYONE said Harte would hardly remember a thing, that it would all be a blur in her mind and that she would need an album full of pictures to show her the way it had been. But six months after the wedding the details are still fixed firmly in her memory: the dry rustle of her gown against the carpet as her father guides her down the aisle, past her mother's friend who leans out from her seat and hisses, "Smile, this is a wedding, not a funeral," the staccato clicking of the photographer's equipment all through the ceremony, the sweet look of contentment on Brian's face that makes her want to drop kisses beneath his cheekbones as they dance their first dance together as husband and wife.

It had been a hot, damp night and the first thing she did when she got into the car was take off her panty hose, slinking down almost to the floor as Brian kept watch from behind the steering wheel. Then they had driven to a hotel in Manhattan. In a small, square green-and-gray room, which would have been a disappointment to anyone except a salesman in town on a business trip, they stayed up past dawn counting the checks that had been tucked inside the pockets of Brian's tuxedo—checks for fifty, seventy-five, and, less frequently, one hundred dollars.

By now the checks have all been spent on tuition for Brian's third year in medical school, and Brian and Harte are living in a university town in Florida, in a garden apartment ten minutes from the hospital where Brian does his clinical training. Harte hates the smallness of the town, and the dull, hot days that are easily wasted away. After a half year of marriage she does not know what there is to say for her life. Every week her mother calls her long-distance from New York and asks questions, and Harte feels like weeping. She does not know how to explain that nothing is happening to her, that her days are as motionless as the water in the neighboring swamp.

Three years ago, when Harte first met Brian, he seemed the only person she knew who was confident about his future. He was in his last year at Harvard, with four applications filed for medical school, and every weekend he waited for her at South Station with a rose wrapped in waxy green paper. One night, late in April, as she sat curled drowsily in his darkened room, he played "Suzanne" for her on his guitar, sounding just like Leonard Cohen, and convincing her that it was all somehow connected with love.

Immediately after his graduation, Brian drove home with his parents, who had retired and moved from Ohio to a suburb of Miami. Because he was now an official resident of Florida, Brian's medical-school tuition would be as low there as it could possibly be anywhere. And that, he explained to Harte, was the one good reason for putting a thousand miles between them. He called her every Sunday night that summer and wrote her two or three times a week, though as soon as school began the letters became postcards and he occasionally forgot to mention how much he missed her. Harte kept his letters and postcards in a shoebox, but only the romantic ones—the rest she threw down the incinerator.

She started school in the fall, enrolling in a graduate program in English at Columbia, which was what she had planned to do before she met Brian. Sometimes she wondered why he hadn't asked her to alter her plans and come down South for graduate school. He never even seemed close to suggesting it, and if the subject of her going to Columbia came up, he always said that it was an excellent school and that he was glad she had the opportunity to go there. Whenever she heard him say these things, it seemed to her that the balance of love was tipped in his favor, and she began to feel uneasy. But each time she went through the letters in the shoebox the evidence showed that she had no cause to worry.

Thanksgiving vacation of her second year at Columbia, Brian came to visit Harte's family, and he finally admitted that he was tired of carrying on a long-distance romance, that marriage seemed like a good idea to him. They both agreed that once Harte got her master's she would try to find a teaching job in one of the junior colleges near the town where Brian lived. But even as they made plans, Harte did not tell Brian how often she had imagined herself marking her students' papers with a red felt-tipped pen as he lay beside her on their double bed, reading the *New England Journal of Medicine*, his hand resting gently at her neck.

Harte's mother and father did not want

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"Grimsby has opted for phased retirement."

• •

her to marry Brian. They said it was because he was self-absorbed and did not pay as much attention to her as he should, but Harte (who knew these accusations had very little truth to them) was sure it was only because they did not like the way she and Brian looked together. Harte is tall and sturdy-looking, with big, wide hands and feet that are much larger than Brian's. When she and Brian stand side by side, it is clear how tall she really is, how broad across the shoulders. Her father even tried to convince her that small men were a breed of their own, saddled with inferiority complexes which they covered up in predictable ways. After that, he said nothing further to dissuade her. The wedding plans were made and carried out, and Brian's new Fiat got them all the way to Florida without overheating once.

In Florida, they settled in the apartment Brian had rented for them, and Harte waited to hear about the teaching jobs she had applied for and tried to get used to the burning summer heat. One afternoon during their first week in the apartment, she nearly blacked out while crossing a parking lot.

On weekends the two of them walked the malls of the handful of small shopping centers nearby, looking at all the things they couldn't afford. Together they went through the racks in the Better Sportswear department in Maas Brothers, the one decent department store in town, and assembled expensive outfits for Harte—pale silk blouses and corduroy skirts and matching jackets with leather buttons. Each time she came out of the dressing room, Brian stood alongside her in front of the mirror in the middle of the floor and adjusted the collar of her shirt or smoothed the shoulders of her jacket and finally grinned at her in the mirror and told her she looked terrific. After she changed back into her dungarees and T-shirt and returned the clothing to the racks, she and Brian would walk over to Baskin-Robbins for frozen chocolate-covered bananas, which came on an ice-cream stick and cost less than a dollar. Now and then, they went to the movies, though the only films playing starred Clint Eastwood or Charles Bronson, or had titles like "The Stewardesses." "This isn't New York," said Brian when Harte asked where all the good movies were. Later, he said she was suffering from ordinary homesickness and culture shock. He was positive she would feel much more settled and at home as soon as she had a job.

When it was clear that the schools hadn't any openings, Harte began reading the tiny column of want ads in the local paper and convinced herself that working in Burger King or Pizza Hut or as a clerk in a discount drugstore would be better than not working at all. She dressed up in a skirt and tried to look eager as she filled out one application after another for jobs that she could not imagine anyone's ever wanting. At the end of her first week of interviews, the man who took her application at Uncle Jer-

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ry's Family Restaurant told her that what he was really looking for was someone who would fit in well with the rest of his employees, who were mostly kids from the high school in town. "We're like a family here," he said, "and I just can't picture you as one of our relatives."

Then one afternoon in October Brian called from the hospital with the news that he had found Harte a job as a shelver in the medical library. That night they decided to celebrate and baked a quiche for dinner—their first joint project in the kitchen. They kept laughing and bumping into each other along the narrow length of linoleum, and Harte spilled a frying pan full of sautéed onions into the sink, but the quiche came out perfectly. When they sat down to eat, Brian lit a candle shaped like an ice-cream sundae and turned the lights off for the rest of the evening.

Harte's "poor attitude and general lack of enthusiasm" got her fired from the job six weeks later. After that she could not even go to the public library in town and take out books for herself without being reminded of her failure.

IT is a sultry January day and Harte is on her way to the supermarket. She drives with the windows rolled all the way down in the dark-blue Fiat that has already turned purplish in the Florida sun. Her hair blows across her mouth in the hot wind. She tries to remember the sound of a shovel scraping snow from the sidewalk outside her parents' house and her father in a red-and-white striped ski hat, knocking off the row of icicles that hangs every winter under the roof over the porch. In the car perspiration dampens the creases of her arms and her hands stick to the hot plastic of the steering wheel.

She quickly fills her cart at Pantry Pride with cans of SpaghettiOs, boxes of frozen pizza, a carton of Good Humor Whammy sticks, a sixty-four-ounce bottle of soda, and two kinds of Pepperidge Farm cookies for her friend Sam, the only friend she has made since moving to Florida. Sam, who lives in the apartment above theirs, likes to visit when Brian is at the hospital. Brian does not approve of Sam. He regards him as a bad influence on Harte.

Harte joins the express line, ten items or less. A man directly ahead of her and a woman directly ahead of him are having an argument. The man accuses the woman of pushing her shopping cart in front of his.

"You weren't here," the woman begins reasonably. "You left your wagon. Why should I have stood here like an idiot, wasting my valuable time?"

"What a hustler!" says the man. "You're a real ass, you know that?"

Reaching into her wagon, the woman grabs a bunch of broccoli and brings it down over the man's head. "See what you get for opening up a mouth like that?" she hollers.

The man stretches his thumb and index finger across his forehead like a visor. "Using a vegetable as a weapon is a felony in the state of Florida," he says. He tells the woman that his brother-in-law is a lawyer. "You're in big trouble," he says. Harte is about to laugh, when he turns on her. "What are *you* looking at?" he says. "Haven't you ever seen anyone assaulted in a supermarket before?"

The girl who works at the checkout counter shakes her head slowly and goes off to get the manager, and Harte abandons her wagon, slipping past the man and his assailant, hugging her arms to her chest, unexpectedly packageless. She drives more than halfway home; then, realizing that it is their six-month anniversary and she has forgotten to buy Brian a card, she

SIX YEARS LATER

So long had life together been that now
The second of January fell again
On Tuesday, making her astonished brow
Lift like a windshield wiper in the rain,
  So that her misty sadness cleared, and showed
  A cloudless distance waiting up the road.

So long had life together been that once
The snow began to fall, it seemed unending;
That, lest the flakes should make her eyelids wince,
I'd shield them with my hand, and they, pretending
  Not to believe that cherishing of eyes,
  Would beat against my palm like butterflies.

So alien had all novelty become
That sleep's entanglements would put to shame
Whatever depths the analysts might plumb;
That when my lips blew out the candle flame,
  Her lips, fluttering from my shoulder, sought
  To join my own, without another thought.

So long had life together been that all
That tattered brood of papered roses went,
And a whole birch grove grew upon the wall,
And we had money, by some accident,
  And tonguelike on the sea, for thirty days,
  The sunset threatened Turkey with its blaze.

So long had life together been without
Books, chairs, utensils—only that ancient bed—
That the triangle, before it came about,
Had been a perpendicular, the head
  Of some acquaintance hovering above
  Two points which had been coalesced by love.

So long had life together been that she
And I, with our joint shadows, had composed
A double door, a door which, even if we
Were lost in work or sleep, was always closed:
  Somehow, it would appear, we drifted right
  On through it into the future, into the night.

—JOSEPH BRODSKY

(*Translated, from the Russian, by Richard Wilbur.*)

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heads back to the shopping center.

All the cards in the stationery store are extravagantly sentimental, with photographs of young lovers posed next to the ocean, or close-ups of roses in bloom and rhymed couplets about a love that is deep and true. Finally she chooses one that says "For My Grandson on His Confirmation Day."

In the apartment Harte finds Brian waiting for her. He leans against the kitchen counter, one small bare foot on top of the other, a stethoscope drooping from the pocket of his white coat like the dark stem of a wilted flower. He kisses Harte's shoulder, and the back of her neck. "Come and lie down with me on the couch," he says. "I've got to relax for a while."

Harte looks at her watch. "Just in time for a 'Leave It to Beaver' rerun," she says, and she turns on the television before sitting down. Brian rests his head on her stomach and sticks his legs over the arm of the couch.

"Are you going to fall off that damn stool every time he hits a clinker?"

• •

Beaver is having dinner with his family. His mother orders him to eat the Brussels sprouts on his plate, but instead he tucks them into the pocket of his shirt as soon as she turns away. The laugh track goes wild. Brian makes a face at Harte and closes his eyes.

"Why don't you go to sleep?" says Harte. She helps him take off his white coat, pulling his arms from his sleeves like a mother tending her drowsy child. Brian settles down into the couch, his shirt riding up his back, exposing a sweet pale square of skin. The skin is miraculously soft; Harte draws circles around it with her finger as Brian falls asleep.

"I'm so hungry," he says later when he wakes up. "Did you get to the supermarket today?"

"I went to Pantry Pride," says Harte, "but I had to leave without buying anything."

"What's with you?" says Brian. "How could you come home from the supermarket without any food?"

"I'm sorry," says Harte. "Do you want me to tell you what happened?"

"Never mind. I don't think I want to hear about it—we had a cardiac arrest on the ward today. The resident had me go out and break the news to the patient's wife. The first thing she said was 'Oh, God, who's going to do my income-tax returns this year? I'll never be able to do them myself.' " Brian rubs his eyes. "I'm not sure I can deal with all the people out there, Harte," he says.

"Sure you can. You can deal with everything." Harte takes the confirmation card out of her knapsack and gives it to Brian. "Happy six months," she says.

Brian reads the card, his face solemn. "Everything is a joke with you," he says quietly. "Can't you take anything seriously? Did your friend Sam tell you to buy this card?"

"What are you talking about?"

Brian studies her for a moment, then runs his fingers along the underside of her arm. "Look," he says, "I think we should do something to celebrate our anniversary. We could drive out to Fat Boy's and have drinks and steak. I have to be back at the hospital by eight, but at least we can celebrate for a couple of hours."

"I don't feel like going anywhere

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or doing anything. I did a little while ago, but I don't anymore."

"It's the heat," says Brian. "You miss the change of seasons down here. I bet you feel like you've been cheated out of a fall and a winter this year."

"Don't talk down to me," says Harte. "Sam says that was the first thing he noticed about you. He could tell you were planning to specialize in psychiatry just by the expert way you talked down to me."

"I apologize," says Brian. "And we won't talk about Sam anymore."

Harte prepares a tuna melt sandwich for Brian's dinner, and places a delicate pink birthday candle through the layer of American cheese.

"That's a very nice-looking sandwich," says Brian, and blows out the flame after a moment of hesitation. Then he snaps the candle sharply into two pieces, and throws them into the sink.

"What did you wish for?" says Harte, looking at the sandwich, which suddenly seems meagre on the big yellow plate.

"Nothing too extravagant," says Brian.

IN the apartment complex where Harte and Brian live there are tennis courts and a laundromat that are open twenty-four hours a day, but there aren't any married women Harte's age who don't have at least one child. Without Sam, Harte doesn't know what would become of her. Sam lives upstairs with Dizzy, his lover. Dizzy sells Earth shoes in a shop on the main street, which divides the town in half; actually he is the manager of the store, and works long hours six days a week, returning home to Sam too tired to do anything except sit with a pair of headphones on, listening to a tape of the music from "Saturday Night Fever." The two of them own a borzoi, which Sam walks in the field of tall, bleached grass behind their apartment. Harte met Sam for the first time one afternoon when she was out in the field with her butterfly net, watching the borzoi run in long strides through the grass like a lean and fragile horse, while Sam stood smoking a cigarette, his head tipped skyward. They watched the borzoi together and Sam told her about himself: that he was a medical-school dropout, that after one four-hour session of gross anatomy he knew he had made a terrible mistake. Harte laughed and said she knew *she* had made a terrible mistake when she realized she was living in a town whose finest restaurant was called "Fat Boy's Bar and Grill."

Tonight, after Brian leaves for the hospital, Harte climbs upstairs to Sam's apartment. He calls out to her from the bedroom and says, "I'm back here cleaning. I'll be out in a couple of minutes."

There is a record playing on the stereo: Gertrude Lawrence whistling a happy tune on her way to Siam. The record is from 1951 and is full of scratches. Sam stole it from his mother's collection when he left home. He also stole the original-Broadway-cast recordings of "Pal Joey," "South Pacific," and "Carousel." His mother writes him letters twice a month. On the bottom of every letter she writes, "P.S. What about my records? P.P.S. Pardon me for being a nag." Sam has told Harte that his mother might get her records back if she wised up and stopped begging him to get psychiatric help for his "condition," as she calls it.

Harte gets herself a can of soda from Sam's refrigerator. The soda foams in the glass, sprays her nose and mouth as she takes the first sip. She wonders if Brian is right and her teeth will actually soften and fall out one by one because of all the soda she drinks. Brian has already warned her that if they ever have children, he'll make sure their house stays free of carbonated beverages. "So if you want a fix, you'll have to leave the house to get it," he said, looking so earnest that Harte leaned forward and turned up the corners of his mouth with her fingers.

Sam drops down on the carpet in the living room. He is large-boned and slightly overweight, and is wearing a T-shirt with a subway map of New York City on it. In his lap he holds a dispenser of Windex, a sponge, a rag, and a plastic bottle of ammonia.

"If you had one word to describe the look in Brian's eyes, what would it be?" says Harte.

"Determined," says Sam immediately.

"Determined to finish medical school, anyway."

"He's lucky he's got the stomach for it."

"Of course, there were years of anonymity before we were recognized as young collectors."

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"Sweetie, will you help me with my tie?"

• •

"Do you know what the third-year students are doing now? Tracheotomies on dogs and cats."

"That's enough," says Sam. He goes back to his cleaning. He cleans in places Harte has never even considered: across the glass face of the clock on the wall, on the molding that runs below the windowsills, behind the filter in the air-conditioner. He is a skillful and energetic housekeeper, moving from one task to another only after he's sure he's done all he can. Love dominates his life; it is love that propels him to keep the apartment in the perfect order that Dizzy needs to come home to every night.

Sam knows that Earth shoes figure most prominently in Dizzy's life, that Dizzy will always be a businessman with not much time for love.

Harte wishes that Sam would give up on Dizzy. Once she dreamed that she and Sam ran away to New York City together and got an apartment down in the Village. Brian showed up right away with a court order that gave him the power to take Harte back to Florida. The worst of it was that Sam, who stood at the doorway grooming his mustache with a tiny comb, kept repeating, "It's all for the best," as Brian tied her up with string and placed her on the back seat of the Fiat.

As the second side of "The King and I" comes to an end, Yul Brynner gets a dancing lesson from Gertrude Lawrence. Harte, sitting with her ankles crossed in front of her, knocks her feet together in time with the music.

" 'The King and I' is my favorite show," says Sam. "Even the happiest songs in it have something mournful about them."

The record is over; Sam flips it back to the first side and starts it again. Later he puts on "Pal Joey" and finishes off two gin-and-tonics. When his second glass is empty, he tells Harte that Dizzy will be home any minute. Harte says that she has to get back to her apartment anyway, pretending that Brian will be calling to make sure she's not feeling lonely.

BRIAN is on at the hospital every third night in February, and when he's not he likes to be in bed by ten with Harte lying next to him. He says that he can't fall asleep without her, that he panics if she's not within easy reach.

One night, as Brian pulls back the sheets and gets into bed, Harte says, "Before I married you, I never heard of grown people going to sleep at ten o'clock."

"I'm exhausted," says Brian. "Today was awful."

"What happened?"

"I had to tell a patient he had lung cancer. He was a nice middle-aged man, very quiet, very polite; he just kept nodding his head to everything I was saying."

Harte switches off the light and stretches out on her back along the edge of the bed. "Why do you have to tell me stories like that?" she says.

"The man was so polite. He thanked me for talking with him. He shook my hand."

"Don't you know when to stop?" says Harte. "I can't listen to this."

Brian turns toward her. He covers her face with small, soundless kisses. Then, in a moment, it seems, he is asleep. Harte closes her eyes tightly and pushes them with her fingers, two fingers on each eye. It is an old game: first black becomes red, then there are perfect rows of geometric shapes, silver ones with violet centers. Upstairs, in Sam's apartment, the floor creaks. Something is thrown against the wall. Harte sits up in bed, strains to hear what it is the voices are saying. She thinks she hears her name; a door slams and there is nothing more to listen to, except the sound of Brian breathing evenly beside her, his arm bent across his forehead, his fingers clenched into a fist so small it might belong to a child.

IT is early spring, and Harte and Sam have secretly taken up tennis. Several nights a week, while Brian is at the hospital and Dizzy lies on the couch with his headphones on, they spray themselves with insect repellent and head out for the courts. Harte and

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Sam play very badly. They wait until after midnight to start their games, so that no one will see them. Even so, Sam dresses in proper whites and plays with an expensive racquet and a sweatband around his hair.

Their nights on the courts are always the same: the air as warm and damp as the night Harte was married, and the two of them clowning around and calling each other "spastic" and "clod" as they play. One night, though, they are surprised to see two people, a boy with a waist-length ponytail and his girlfriend, whom Harte recognizes from the laundromat, playing on the court. They have a nice rally going between them as Harte and Sam approach.

"I'm not going to play with them here," says Harte. "We can come back later, if you want."

"I don't mind making a fool of myself. Why can't we just go ahead and play?"

"Wait," says Harte. In a little while, the boy with the ponytail and his girlfriend end their game and come together at the net. The boy bends over his side of the net to embrace the girl. When they break apart, she raises her arm and points overhead to an unimpressive sky, empty of stars.

"What are they looking at?" says Sam. "There's nothing to see up there."

"They're in love. People in love watch for signs."

Sam takes three tennis balls out of a can and tries to juggle them. He drops them all and they roll away in three different directions. He goes after them, and when he returns to Harte the couple is walking off the court, each with an arm over the other's back.

"They're so happy," says Harte. "I see them doing their laundry together all the time, and he folds her shirts and nightgowns for her in a way that lets you know there's really something between them."

Sam serves first. He keeps hitting the ball into the net. In the swamp nearby there are frogs jeering at him. A tiny band of them leaps brazenly onto the court. Sam swings at them with his racquet. "Time out for a cigarette," he says.

Harte listens for the sharp metallic click of his lighter. She can smell the smoke that hangs in the air in front of him. "What's the matter?" she says, and walks up to the net.

"I'm so depressed," says Sam.

"Your serve will get better if you keep at it."

"It's my hair," says Sam. He leans over the net. "Feel the top of my head. Can you see how thin it's getting?"

His hair is soft and fine beneath her fingers. She smooths it in place with her knuckles, moving her hand slowly across his head, thinking of the couple embracing over the net, of the romance of their posture.

"What do you think?" says Sam.

"Your hair is nice to touch."

Sam snaps his cigarette onto the court.

"All right," says Harte. "From now on we're going to try and play a real game. No more fooling around. You're going to run up to the ball when I hit it. You're not going to stand there and wait for it to fall at your feet."

"I'm a slow-moving guy," says Sam. "I've never been fast on my feet."

"Get ready to run," says Harte. She serves the ball as powerfully as she can. Sam rushes toward it, a luminous streak of white across the court.

Later, they collapse in their wet clothes in Harte's apartment, savoring their shared exhaustion, drinking soda straight from the bottle, passing it back and forth between them like a pipe full of hash.

Sam turns on the radio. He switches from one station to another until he finds an old Beatles song, melancholy and slow. "Dance with me," he says, and pulls Harte up from the floor. His hand rests at the small of her back. "You're tense," he says with surprise. "Just go with the music."

Harte leans her head on the hard shelf of his shoulder and feels her bones go loose. "See how easy it is," she hears Sam say, and then she closes her eyes. She is dancing at her wedding, without her shoes on, hoping that she and Brian are nearly the same height. Her feet are slipping on the waxed parquet floor. "Easy now," says Brian, and he presses her to his chest, trying to steady her. But she loses her balance anyway, and slips through the circle of his arms around her, and out of his reach.

—Marian Thurm

Champagne

•

1. Remove broiler door assembly from range frame via two (2) butterfly hinges at bottom of broiler door.
2. Separate outer panel from inner lining via two (2) screws at bottom of broiler door.
3. Replace old stop arms and cotter pins.
4. Remove stop arm guide bracket via 2 screws "A". Install new bushing and washer as shown and re-assemble.
5. Reverse all the above steps to complete.

—*Service Flash from Sears, Roebuck.*

And send for a new stove.

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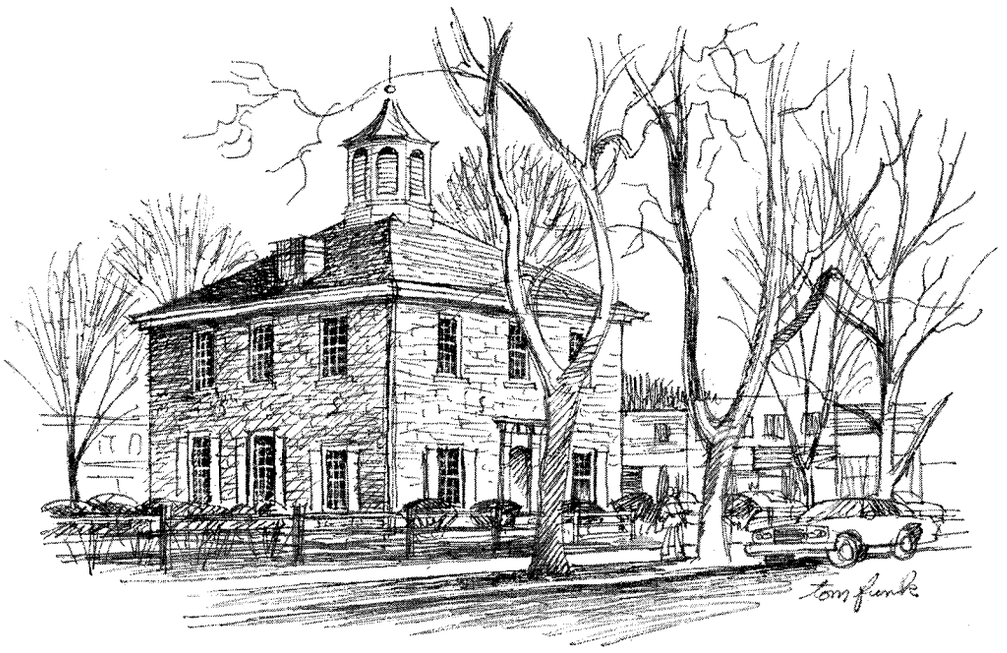
PROFILES

TO HEAR A ROOSTER CROW



CORYDON (pop. 3,107) is the seat of Harrison County, in the rolling limestone hills of Southern Indiana. Southern Indiana is generally considered to consist of the two or three tiers of counties bounded roughly on the east by Louisville, Kentucky; on the west by the Wabash River; and on the south by the convoluted Ohio. The term, however, is no mere geographical designation. It delineates a region that stands geologically and culturally distinct from the rest of the state, and Corydon—situated in a pleasant valley some twenty miles west of Louisville, with a leafy green courthouse square and a population very largely composed of descendants of early-nineteenth-century settlers from Virginia, the Carolinas, and Kentucky—is quintessentially a Southern Indiana town.

Corydon differs in one respect from most other Southern Indiana towns. It has a considerable history. It is one of the three or four oldest towns in Indiana—older, in fact, than the state itself. It was founded in 1808, in what was then the Territory of Indiana, as the seat of the newly created Harrison County. Harrison County was named for General William Henry Harrison, the territorial governor (and later the ninth President of the United States), and it was Harrison, inspired by a popular dirge of the day called "The Pastoral Elegy" ("Sweet Corydon's notes are all o'er / Now lonely he sleeps in the clay"), who gave the town its Vergilian name. Corydon came almost at once to prominence. Early in 1813, the general assembly of the Indiana Territory voted to move the seat of the territorial government from Vincennes, the capital since 1800, to Corydon, and the paraphernalia of government was conveyed to the Harrison County courthouse (which became overnight the territorial statehouse) in May of that year. The rise of Corydon continued. A constitutional convention, called in anticipation of the elevation of Indiana to statehood, was held in Corydon ("in the inviting shade of the spreading boughs of a huge elm tree," as a local historian noted) in June of 1816, and in December, when Indiana was admitted to the Union, the new territorial capital became the first capital of the new state. Corydon served as the capital of Indiana for eight years—until 1825, when, for reasons of geographical convenience, the government was moved to Indianapolis. In the course of those capital years, Corydon grew from a hamlet to a town with (according to a contemporary traveller) "eight or ten neat buildings, besides many others that are ordinary, and a spacious courthouse of stone which is occupied by the legislature during their sessions," and on June 22, 1819, it had the signal honor of a visit by President James Monroe and the war hero (and future seventh President of the United States) General Andrew Jackson. In late October of 1824, the departure for Indianapolis of "an imposing cavalcade of four four-horse wagons" bearing the state records and other property retired Corydon to the unaccustomed obscurity of a country county seat. It lapsed into ordinariness. The veil was lifted only once, and then only for a day. That was on July 9, 1863, when Corydon became the fleeting scene of the one battle of the Civil War to be fought in Indiana. On that neo-historic day, the Confederate raider General John Hunt Morgan and a cavalry force of some twenty-five hundred men, having crossed the Ohio from Kentucky in a fleet of commandeered steamboats, landed on the Harrison County shore, rode swiftly north to Corydon, routed a bewildered company of Indiana Home Guards, paused long enough to extract a ransom of seven hundred dollars from each of the town's three flour mills, and swept on north through an unresisting countryside to eventual fatal collision with a superior federal force near New Lisbon, Ohio, on July 26th. Morgan (unlike Sherman the following year in Atlanta) left Corydon much as he found it, and a large part of the town—the Old Capitol on the square, the Governor's pink brick mansion, the State Treasury, the Posey House (Colonel Thomas Lloyd Posey was a son of the last territorial governor), the McGrain House (1808), the Westfall House (1807), the remains of the once spreading Constitutional Elm—still looks pretty much as he left it.

CORYDON sits deeply secluded in the bowl of its limestone valley. It is all but invisible from the wooded knobs and hilltop fields that surround it. One can come upon it only suddenly, and then (except by way of a riverine notch on the east) only from the very brink of its encircling heights. I saw the town first from the north, from the top of the mile-long slope that Morgan and his men had climbed in the aftermath of victory so many years ago—a dirt road then, a pot-holed highway now. But even from there the view was guarded. Halfway down the slope was a bridge across a tumbling stream (Big

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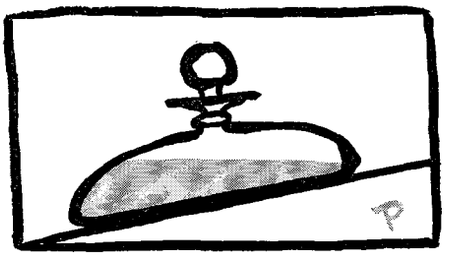
Indian Creek), with a yellow brick house in the early Greek Revival style (the McGrain House) in a broad, wooded lawn on the left and, off to the right, following a bend in the stream, the stacks and rooftops and lumberyards of the Keller (furniture) Manufacturing Company. Beyond the bridge, beyond the grounds of the McGrain House, the highway became a sidewalked street (North Capitol Avenue)—a tree-hung residential street of comfortable houses built close to the pavement, leading down and down and down to a faraway spread of space, an alteration of light: the courthouse square.

The courthouse square, with its acre or so of lawns and flagstoned walks and benches and towering old sycamores and maples and tulip trees, is the heart and center of Corydon. The old courthouse, the first capitol—a square little gray stone house with an elegant fanlighted doorway and a soaring, steeple-like cupola—is there, and so is the present courthouse, a big, colonnaded brick-and-limestone building (circa 1929). The streets that bound the square—North Capitol Avenue, Beaver Street, North Elm Street, and East Walnut Street—are, and always have been, the principal business streets of the town. The Corydon State Bank, the Town & Country shop, Nolan L. Hottell Insurance, the Corydon (weekly) *Democrat*, the sheriff's office and county jail, the Corydon Dollar Store all face the square on North Capitol Avenue. Across the square, on North Elm Street, are the Masonic Temple, the post office, Conrad & Sons Piano Company, the Corydon United Methodist Church, and the This Is It gift shop. Conrad & Sons Furniture, Griffin's Dry Goods, Berlin's Department Store, the Davis Walgreen drugstore, the Davidson Pool Room, and Albin Jewelers are on Beaver Street, at the foot of the square; and on East Walnut Street, at the head of the square, are the Governor's Mansion (soon to be a museum), the State Treasury (now a private residence), the Presbyterian Church, the Star Cleaners, and Donahue's Café. All the business buildings on the square are two-story buildings, with stores on the street level and offices upstairs, and most of them are brick buildings (many of nineteenth-century origin) painted white or gray or tan or pink or blue or apple green. All of them are fully occupied.

"It's worse than that," Mrs. Hazel Zenor, the secretary and treasurer of the Harrison County Chamber of Commerce, whose office is behind Hottell Insurance, told me. "They're overflowing. *We're* even going to have to move. Nolan Hottell is expanding his business, and he wants to use this space. Well, I've always said you can't stop progress. So we'll just have to grin and bear it. But I never dreamed that this would happen to Corydon. They tried to get Route 135 to go through here ten or fifteen years ago—they said if we didn't get it Corydon would go down the drain. Well, we didn't get it. Then they said if they allowed that shopping center to go up just north of town, that could put our downtown on its back. Well, there isn't an inch of space to rent anywhere around the square, and they've got two vacancies at the shopping center. The answer, of course, is Louisville. We've got Interstate 64 now, and that brings Louisville close. Our people are finding they can live in Corydon and work in Louisville—at General Electric or Ford or one of the other big plants. And a lot of Louisville people are getting tired of city life and that busing they've got up there, and are moving down here to Corydon. So the result is that we've got progress. I only wish we didn't have to find ourselves a new office."



"Hazel is right," Arville L. Funk, a member of the law firm of Hays, O'Bannon & Funk, with offices on the second floor of the Corydon *Democrat* building (circa 1860), told me. "We've got progress happening here. And we do call it progress. I hope it won't change the character of Corydon—I know it won't. Our problem has always been to keep our young people—it's the problem that faces every small town these days. And now Louisville is providing us with a good solution. I think there are worse things than being a bedroom community. But I really want us to be more than that. I'm a native of Corydon—the first Funk came through here with George Rogers Clark in 1778. I lived and practiced law in Indianapolis for fifteen years. And all that time, when somebody would ask me where I lived, I would always say I was from Corydon. I never thought of Indianapolis as permanent. I was a transient there all those years. I got married there, I owned two different houses there, but all the time I was really just living out of a suitcase. Then I got the opportunity to come home. I love Corydon.

ONE FOR THE ROSE

Three weeks ago I went back
to the same street corner where
27 years ago I took a bus for Akron,
Ohio, but now there was only a blank space
with a few concrete building blocks
scattered among the beer cans
and broken bottles and a view of
the blank backside of an abandoned hotel.
I wondered if Akron was still down there
hidden hundreds of miles south among
the small, shoddy trees of Ohio,
a town so ripe with the smell
of defeat that its citizens lied
about their age, their height, sex,
income, and previous condition
of anything. I spent all of a Saturday
there, disguised in a cashmere suit
stolen from a man twenty pounds
heavier than I, and I never unbuttoned
the jacket. I remember someone
married someone, but only the bride's
father and mother went out
on the linoleum dance floor and leaned
into each other like whipped school kids.
I drank whatever I could find and made
my solitary way back to the terminal
and dozed among the drunks and widows
toward dawn and the first thing north.
What was I doing in Akron, Ohio,
waiting for a bus that groaned slowly
between the sickened farms of 1951
and finally entered the smeared air
of hell on U.S. 24 where the Rouge plant
destroys the horizon? I could have been
in Paris at the foot of Gertrude Stein,
I could have been drifting among
the reeds of a clear stream,
like the little Moses, to be found
by a princess and named after a conglomerate
or a Jewish hero. Instead I was born
in the wrong year and in the wrong place,
and I made my way so slowly and badly
that I remember every single turn,
and each one smells like an overblown rose,
yellow, American, beautiful, and true.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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"Thank heavens! I was beginning to think that people like me had ceased to exist."

• •

I'm a strong environmentalist, and my hobby is local history. I think we're combining the preservation of our good things with staying alive as a town. We've kept our downtown, we don't have any chain stores there, we have a continuity of ownership that makes for commercial stability. You come back here twenty-five years from now and I think you'll find our square will still be here. We've got county-wide zoning, we know what kind of industry we want, and we know where we want to put it. We're not going overboard to bring in factories. We've got a factory—we've got the furniture factory. It's our big industry, it employs seven hundred and fifty people, and it's part of our scene—it's been here almost a hundred years. What we want is warehousing, that kind of thing. We look at more than the profit figures. We have a little railroad here—a little seven-mile spur line called the Louisville, New Albany & Corydon—and we've had it for almost a hundred years. It used to run all the way to Louisville. Now it's part of the Southern system. It's only a freight line now, of course. And its only real customer is Keller. Anyway, a few years ago, when they were planning Interstate 64, just north of here, there was the problem of the railroad. It crossed the Interstate, and the state didn't want to build an overpass. So the state said, 'Let's buy their railroad and junk it—be a lot cheaper.' But we didn't want that. And Bill Buchanan, who owned the railroad, didn't want that, either. So we've still got our railroad. We've still got the Corydon we love. And the reason is that we've done a whole bunch of things right."

"What Art Funk says is true," Blaine Wiseman, the president of the Old Capital Bank & Trust Company, told me. "This is the fourth-fastest-growing county in the state of Indiana, but we know that the industrial game in rural communities is changing. It used to be what was wanted was P.R.M. & R. Now it's P.P.T.L. The old way was Pure Raw Materials and Railroads. The new thing is Pretty Place to Live. There's a whole lot of executives' wives these days that won't move to a community unless it has a good environment."

Corydon has three hostelries. One—and the only one near the center of town—is a small, partly residential hotel just west of the square called the Hotel Corydon. The others are the Lincoln Hills Motel, a conventional motel on the western edge of town, and the Old Capitol Inn, a big, new (1973) clapboard-and-stone hotel in a functional imitation of the local Greek Revival style, about two miles north of town. I stayed at the Old Capitol Inn, in a quiet back room on the second floor with a view, across a parking strip, of the Louisville, New Albany & Corydon Railroad tracks and—once every few days—a leisurely little freight train.

"I'm sure you're very comfortable there," Frederick P. Griffin, the owner of Griffin's Dry Goods, told me. "I know they set a good table. We're

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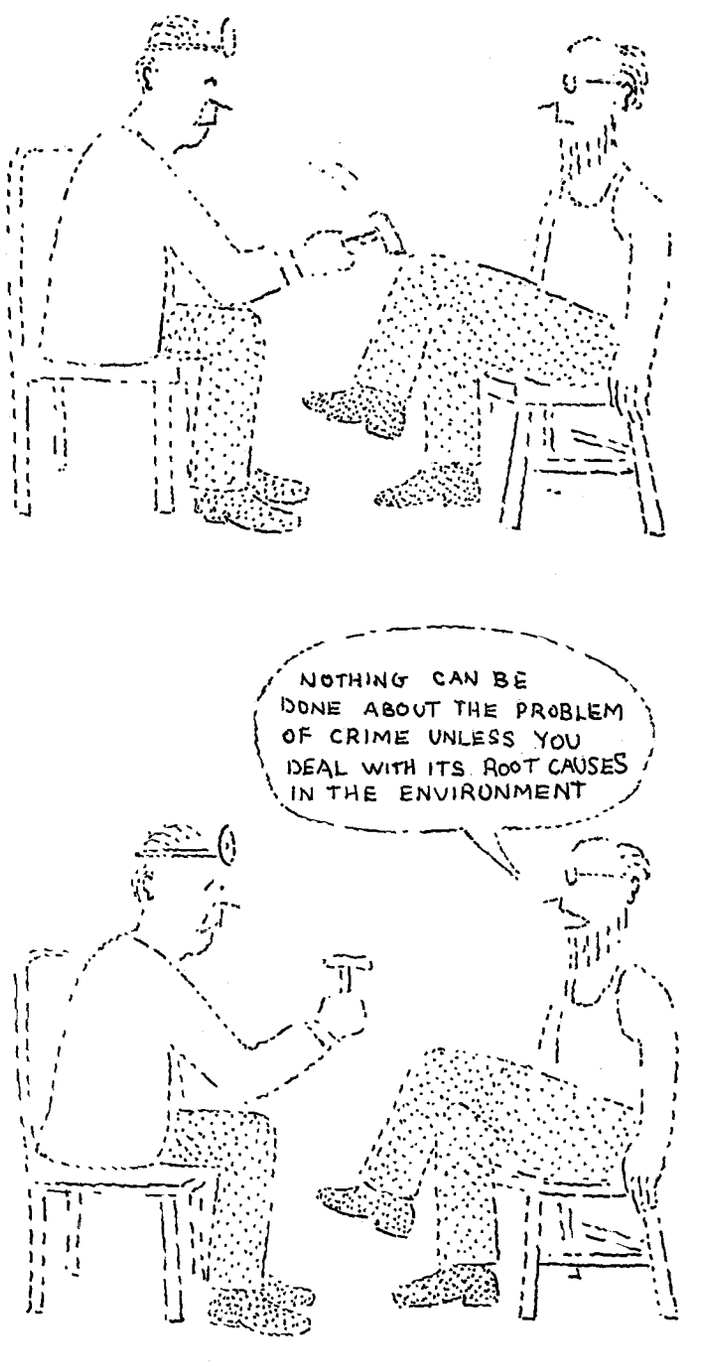
proud of the inn. It's part of the progress that's happening here in Corydon. And we're proud of Larry and Olivia Orme, the nice young people who own it. Olivia was a Miller, and Orme is an old name around here. And I think you'll be interested in this: Back in the old capital days, the place everybody stayed, the legislators and all, was Conrad's Tavern, later called the Old Capitol Hotel, and it was way out of town, too—out east on the Old Plank Road. Now, why did they build it way out there? Well, sir, it was for the same reason that the inn is where it is. Larry and Olivia had to have plenty of room for their guests to park. So did the old hotel. Everybody travelled on horseback back in 1816, and the old hotel had to have enough land to pasture all those horses."

The lobby of the inn, as well as its Heritage Cocktail Lounge ("Our dress code will not permit shorts, halter tops, T-shirts, tank tops, and you must wear shoes"), its Squire Boone Coffee Shop (with a portrait of Squire Boone, a younger brother of Daniel), and its General Harrison Dining Room (Windsor chairs, flock wallpaper, brass chandeliers and sconces), is furnished and decorated in the Corydon period style. "I wish we could have done more," Olivia Orme told me. "We wanted fireplaces in the lobby and in the dining room, but we were getting into too many cost overruns. We *were* able to do a few nice things. I hope you've noticed the decorated china in the dining room, and our heavy period cutlery. I think our silver is really lovely. But, oh dear, we have such a terrible time keeping it on the table. Larry and I used to wonder why so many even good hotels and restaurants had such ordinary table silver. Well, now we know. Any object that has any kind of emblem or insignia or monogram on it is fair game. It's given us a very poor opinion of people. But I won't compromise—not yet."

Corydon is not richly supplied with outstanding places to eat. Lunch is the only meal that most Corydonians ever eat away from home, and most places to eat in Corydon are merely eating places. The General Harrison Dining Room is the only real restaurant. I found only three or four places to eat that were in or near the center of town. One of these, Donahue's Café, is on the square. The others are on Chestnut Street, a block below the square. They are the Elm Restaurant ("Home Cooked Meals & Pies, Open 6 days—5 A.M. to 8 P.M."), the Ideal Cafeteria (which closes at eight in the evening), and Jock's Lunch. The rest of Corydon's eating places all seem to be on the outskirts of town and are fast-food operations. They include a Kentucky Fried Chicken, a Burger Queen, Duffy's, the Kool Panther, and the Seafood House. The Seafood House ("The Largest Fish Sandwich in Town") was the only one of these that I cared to try more than once. I usually had the specialty of the house: a fried-fish sandwich with a side order of hush puppies and a glass of Big Red cream soda. (On my first visit there, I asked the waitress what kind of fish they used—was it local catfish? She shook her head. "I don't think so," she said. "I think it's just plain fish.") I always breakfasted and generally dined at the Old Capitol Inn. The Ormes, as Griffin said, set a good table—especially at breakfast. The ham and the bacon both were country-cured, the biscuits were light and hot, and the eggs were the sweetest, the freshest, I have ever had.



JACK WASHBURN picked up a pencil and rolled it slowly back and forth between his fingers. He is the Harrison County extension agent, and we were sitting in his upstairs office on Beaver Street. "Well," he told me, "Harrison County is hard-scrabble farming. I was born in Texas and raised in Arkansas, and that's what I have to call it. There's good land here, of course, but a whole lot of it is hills and trees. So the natural result is a lot of hay production and hog farming—a lot of ham and bacon. And also a lot of chicken-and-egg production. Harrison County used to call itself the chicken capital of the world. We've still got a whole bunch of hatcheries, and, of course, we've got a big poultry-processing plant—Arpac—right here in town. I guess, after Keller's, Arpac is our biggest employer. They've got a lot of people raising chickens for them. It's a big operation." He tossed the pencil back on his desk. He sat up

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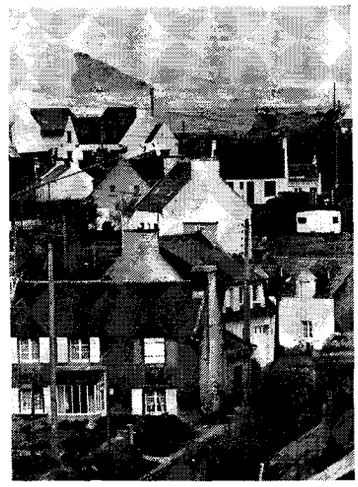

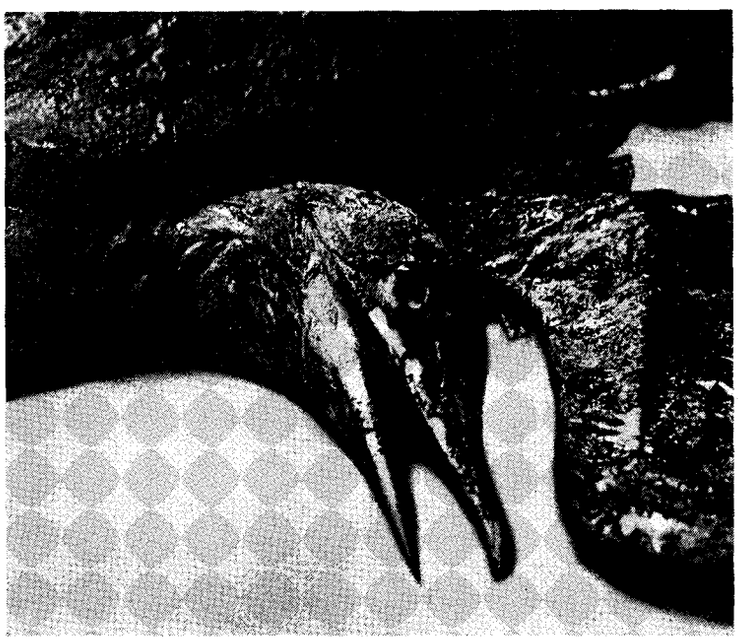

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straight. His eyes brightened. "But there's something happening here that's new. It's really new and really significant. Our average farm is only a little over a hundred acres, and it's been a good long time since a farm that size was self-supporting. But people still like to farm—to live on a farm and grow things, to get in touch with the basics. There's more of them every year. And they've worked out something here that I call non-commercial farming. It's a whole new life style. What makes it possible here is Louisville—the jobs of all kinds that are available there. The Louisville job is the farmer's main income, and the farm is his way of life. I've got a family, distant neighbors of mine, in mind. They're a good example. Charlie is married, with two boys, and they have about a hundred acres. It's high land, rolling, some of it woods, none of it real level. Charlie has fifteen acres in corn, and he feeds two hundred hogs. He keeps fifteen or sixteen cows and a bull, and they yield him fifteen or sixteen calves a year. He has four horses—for riding, for pleasure. He has his vegetable garden, and he also raises chickens for meat and eggs. I think he has some fruit trees, and he keeps a hive or two of bees. I said his place was well wooded. That's not all bad. He heats with wood, and he cuts and sells maybe five loads of wood a year for fuel and lumber and maybe some walnut veneer. He fishes when he can—you can find good fishing for bass and bluegill and catfish almost anywhere around here—and he shoots some quail and wild turkey in season, and he usually gets his deer in the fall. He gets up at four o'clock in the morning, does chores and has his breakfast, and goes to work at seven. Charlie works at one of the plants in Louisville. He's home by four o'clock. He does evening chores, eats dinner, and is usually in bed by eight. His wife also works. She has a part-time job here in town. The boys are still in school, but they have their chores, their responsibilities at home. Now, here's the way it works out: Charlie gets maybe nine thousand dollars a year from his Louisville job, and his wife makes around four. His hogs bring in maybe fifteen hundred, his calves maybe a thousand, and his wood another thousand. On top of that, he probably sells some fruit and vegetables from time to time. And, on top of that, he owns his house and farm, and he raises most of his own food. Charlie thinks he's doing pretty good. His kids are growing up right. They're into our 4-H program, they each raise a hog or a calf of their own for spending money. They ride and they hunt and fish with their daddy." Washburn picked up his pencil and began to roll it again. "So that's the way it works. Charlie doesn't call his life an easy life, and I don't either. Nobody likes to stay up all night with a sick cow. But there's work and there's labor. Labor is drudgery. Charlie works, and work is satisfying. It's basic. Charlie doesn't have to keep in shape by jogging or running or joining a tennis club. He lives in shape. But the point of it all is this: Charlie is only one of many. The non-commercial farm is taking over here. I see new farmers every week or two—young people, no farming background whatever, a lot of them city people. They're getting out of the mainstream. They've decided they would rather work than labor. They want to enjoy their life."

RANDY WEST, the managing editor of the Corydon *Democrat*, smiled up at the waitress and called her by name. "Just coffee," he said. We were sitting in a pewlike wooden booth at Jock's Lunch. It was ten o'clock on a muggy, drizzling morning, and the place was crowded. "That's why I brought you here," West told me. He is a small young man with a big brown beard and bland hazel eyes. "Corydon is the epicenter of Harrison County, and Jock's is the epicenter of Corydon—every weekday morning, anyway. Everybody who is anybody comes here for his morning coffee. I know it isn't much to look at, but neither is Woody Allen. That man there at the end of the counter is our county prosecutor. The one sitting next to him is a former junior-high-school principal. He's talking to a professional conservationist. The man with a hat on eating a piece of pie is a big architect from New Albany. The man next to him, that colored man, is Anderson Perry. He's been shining shoes at the poolroom for at least forty years. Back there at that table is the manager of Walgreen's. And that's Jock himself, in the white shirt and apron, holding court with two insurance men and a lawyer. Jock's real name is Paul—Paul Timberlake. When he isn't working here at the café, he's over at the fairgrounds exercising his trotting horses. Harness racing is very big in this part of the world, and so is basketball. Jock says you don't amount to anything in Harrison County unless you've got a trotting horse, a basketball, or a pickup truck. Well, you get the idea—I know everybody, and everybody knows me. That's what I like about Corydon. I'm not a native. I grew up in Indianapolis, but I had the good sense to marry a Corydon girl—Marydee was a Meyer—and settle down here and be happy. But I had to prove myself. These people are friendly, but they're Hoosiers—real Southern Indiana Hoosiers. They don't take newcomers for granted."

"Is that what Hoosier means?" I said.

"That's what it means to me," he said. "It's a strange term—nobody seems to know for sure where it came from. Except that it's of Southern Indiana origin, and goes back to our old capital days. The most commonly accepted derivation is that when a stranger knocked on a pioneer cabin, they didn't open up right away. They were suspicious. They called through the door 'Who's here?' But James Whitcomb Riley had a different explanation. He said it had to do with the Saturday-night drunken free-for-all fights where they gouged out eyes and bit off ears. Sometimes, he said, there would be a bitten-off ear left lying on the barroom floor. And the proprietor would call out 'Whose ear?' " There was a flash of white teeth in the dark of his beard. "How about another cup of coffee?" he said.

WE were sitting around a fireplace filled with greenery—Edward Runden and his wife, Linda, and I—drinking sherry and smelling the good smell of something roasting in the kitchen. Runden is forty years old, with an eager, boyish look and an inconspicuous mustache, and he teaches history at Corydon Central High School. Mrs. Runden, a vivid young woman with a fall of thick, dark hair, is also a teacher. She teaches behavioral science twice a week in a family-practice residency program at the University of Louisville Medical School. "Oh, sure," Runden was saying. "Randy West and I have a lot of things in common. For one thing, we both married local girls. Linda was a Keller. Her Cousin Bill runs the furniture factory."

Mrs. Runden smiled across the lip of her glass. "I'm also related to Art Funk," she said. "And to Fred Griffin's wife. And Bob O'Bannon. And Rosamond Sample."

"She's probably even some kin to Marydee West," Runden said. "Another thing about Randy and me—his

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first job when he came to Corydon was teaching at the high school." He took a sip of sherry. "And I used to be a newspaperman myself. That's how Linda and I met. That was in Chicago, at one of those demonstrations. Linda was demonstrating, and I was covering it for the Associated Press. I started out on a paper in Elgin, Illinois, and then I went with U.P.I. in Chicago, and then I tried the Foreign Service, in Iran, in Teheran, until our deadly foreign policy made me sick. I was glad to come back to Chicago. That's when I started working for the A.P. But by the time Linda and I got married we were both getting tired of city life—the ugliness, the squalor, the misery. So we got to thinking about Corydon. We subscribed to the *Democrat*—a terrific paper, by the way—to try to get the feel of the place. And, one way and another, we liked the feel we got."

"I liked the idea of connectedness," Mrs. Runden said. "And, I guess, the roots. My great-grandfather came here from Germany in 1846. He arrived in New York, and the first person he met who spoke German was a black freedman, who was on his way west—on foot. My great-grandfather walked along with him and ended up in Harrison County. I think I miss big-city life more than Ed does. I seem to need people more. And then there's the conservatism here. Corydon must be one of the last places on earth where people in real need are too proud, too ashamed, to go on welfare. And you can imagine their position on something like abortion. Still, when I remember Chicago . . ."

"Small-town life has its drawbacks," Runden said. "There is a certain lack of privacy, although people are aware of that and make an effort to keep their distance, to not be nosy. But lack of privacy doesn't bother me. It might if I had a Swiss bank account, or if I was into some kind of kinky sex. But I just don't have that much to hide. I think the good side of small-town life far outweighs the bad. If you have trouble with your dry cleaner in Chicago, he couldn't care less what you think or do. It's different here. You can't be ripped off. A person's reputation matters. And so does the individual. He can still influence the course of events. Corydon's still on a human scale. There's a sense of the seasons. There's a closeness to the basics. It's something to be able to hear a rooster crow these days. I think more and more people are coming to realize that. I think Linda and I are part of something interesting. We're in the first wave of people of our age and position who are moving away from the city—and not to the suburbs. Moving to the small town. To Corydon."

THERE are a number of handsome houses of all ages in Corydon, and two of them—almost the oldest and one of the newest—are also, at least to local eyes, arresting. One of these is the McGrain House, of 1808 (now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas D. McGrain), on its rolling riverside lawns. The other—an angular, thrusting, four-level cedar-and-glass example of the sculptured contemporary style which rises starkly from a hillside just above the McGrain House—is the home of Mrs. Rosamond O'Bannon Sample. I called on Mrs. Sample one day. "I don't think this house is all that strange," she told me. She is a small woman with green eyes and a cap of curly gray hair. "But it seems to offend some people. Not my father and mother—although I was a little afraid it would—and not my children. Not my friends—not my real friends, anyway. But the others! One of the nicer things they call it is 'that mine-shaft house.' I'm simply crazy about it. It's been very important to me. Building it helped see me through a very difficult time. My husband died in 1975. We had been living in my grandfather's old house, and after Bob's death I began to feel I wanted a change. I'm not a big historical person. I'm more interested in right now. I'm an artist, you know—I studied at the Traphagen School of Fashion in New York after college. I was brought up here, but I came back only because I wanted to marry Bob Sample. Well, one day I happened to open a copy of *House Beautiful*, and a picture jumped at me. I thought, Now, there's a house I'd like to build. I've always thought it would be wonderful to be an architect. So I took the picture to an architect—my friend Bob Applegate, in New Albany—and he drew some elevations, and I found a builder, and the three of us talked it all the way up. I loved every minute of it. I think I'd even like to build another—a *really* modern house. A geodesic dome, maybe, with solar heat. Then they'd really have something to talk about. I firmly believe that a house can be a work of art, of sculpture. We should *live* art. Corydon is my home, and I love it. The only difficult thing is being artistically alone. I miss the company of other artists. Thank God for Louisville. I show in the Louisville galleries and museums, and I have a lot of artist friends there. So—I don't know. I have my work. And I teach—this house, with all its light, is wonderful for that. I have my books. I suppose you know that we have a bookstore here in Corydon now. Which is just wonderful. They can get you anything. And I take almost every magazine there is—from *Architectural Digest* to *Rolling Stone*. And, of course,

"I'm afraid I'll still require one more form of identification."

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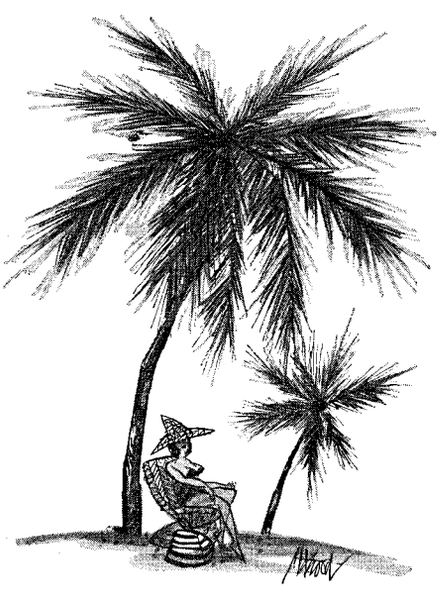
Corydon is *secure*. That means a lot when you're alone."

FRED GRIFFIN'S car—his pickup truck—was parked on Beaver Street, across the street from his store, but before we reached it he touched my arm. "I want you to notice something," he said. "You'll notice that this side of the street is paved with brick. That's because this is where the hitching rack was in the old days, and the brick was there to keep the hitched horses from pawing up the dirt street. I'm sixty-three years old, and I can remember our old streets. I remember a sign they had on the hitching rack. It said, 'No Automobile Parking 8 A.M. to 6 P.M. Reserved for Horses.' We had horse-and-buggies coming into town on Saturday right up to World War Two. This town had itself a good long sleep. No—that darn door is sprung or something. You have to give it a good hard slam. That's it! Now, maybe you're wondering why this street is called Beaver Street. All our other streets, almost, are named after trees. Well, the reason is there used to be a beaver pond along here in the old times. That's my house up there on the left, on East Walnut Street, right next to the Presbyterian Church. I'm like a lot of people here—I was born in the house I live in. Anyway, there used to be an open-air fur market back there on Beaver Street when I was growing up, and I remember getting up on Saturday morning and seeing the trappers gathering, and smelling the smell of the skunk skins. My Lord, that was a long time ago. I think I'll start our little tour with a sashay up to the old cemetery. There's something there I want to show you. But you might just look back when we get to the top of this hill. See what I mean? Our views are unexcelled. And it shows you what a hole we live in. I don't know why I call this the old cemetery. It's *the* cemetery. But this part here is the oldest part. And that headstone there is what I want to show you. It marks the grave of the only Confederate soldier buried in Corydon—the only identified grave. The poor fellow lying there was Private Greene Bottomer, of General Morgan's command. There's no point in getting out—the inscription's too worn to read very easy. The curious thing is that the marker was erected by a Confederate colonel named Bennett H. Young, who was president of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and who arranged to mark a number of Confederate graves in the area after the war.

"The next thing I want to show you is the site of the battle. It's out south of town, up beyond that knob on the left. We'll have to go back through the square, but it isn't too far. Besides, the fairgrounds is out that way. If only this was August, you could see some great harness racing. The hospital is out that way, too. And the new high school. A lot of land up there was the old Ashton farm. My wife is an Ashton. The battlefield is preserved as a nice little park. Harrison County has a park system we can really be proud of. If you look sharp off there to the right, you'll see Pilot Knob. Which is now a hundred-and-sixty-acre park called Hayswood Nature Reserve. It was a gift from the Hays family. So was the Battle of Corydon Memorial Park. This road we're riding on now is the old Mauckport Pike that Morgan and his men came riding up from the river. Of course, it didn't look like this then. Except for that big white house with all the trees. That's the old Hays homeplace. And here's the park. We're in luck: the gate's open. We won't have to get out and walk. Notice that old zigzag rail fence. You don't often see one these days, though we've still got a few around the county. They were the standard thing back there in 1863. They were what the Home Guard fought behind. The old-timers used to say the right way to lay a fence like that was to lay the bottom rails in the light of the moon. The pull of the moon was supposed to keep it from sinking into the ground. Or was it the *dark* of the moon? I'm darned if I can remember. Well, this is where they fought. I understand the battle lasted forty-five minutes. It was one of the very few Civil War battles fought in a northern state. That monument is interesting. As you can see, it's set so it faces north and south. The north face lists the casualties on the Union side and the south face lists the Confederate casualties. I want you to notice the trees, too. Some of those oaks were already here in 1863. If you want to read a good and authentic account of the battle, Art Funk has written a very interesting little book.



"Well, I guess we've seen enough of this. I've written a little book myself. It's called 'The Story of Indiana's Constitution Elm.' I'll give you a copy when we get back to the store. I wrote it a few years ago from notes that my dear old Aunt Jennie Griffin made. Aunt Jennie was chairman of the Elm Tree Committee of the Hoosier Elm Chapter of the D.A.R. I know you know about the Elm, and how it got its name and all that. But there's still more to it. All kinds of groups used to meet under that tree—from the Indians on up. It was so big and shady. It had a *spread* of one hundred and thirty-two feet. They tell me that even the Ku Klux Klan had meetings there. But there was never any kind of trouble. The Elm had a dignity that seemed to awe just everybody. Back in the early twenties, a couple from out of town drove up in an open-top touring car with a preacher aboard and got married under the Elm. But then it began to sicken, and it died in 1925. Well, something had to be done. They stripped off all the branches, and left just a fifteen-foot stump. Aunt Jennie recorded that thirty-four wagonloads of limbs were hauled off and sawed up and stored away all over town by the D.A.R. for souvenirs. Then they had a shelter built to preserve the stump. It was built of local sandstone, quarried just west of town, and it took one hundred tons to do the job. It's a beautiful piece of work, and that's what I've got in mind to show you next."

"IT usually works like this," Mrs. Jo Ann Kline, at the Star Cleaners, told me. "The tourists go to the Old Capitol and they hear about the Constitution Elm, and Christopher Tew, the curator, or somebody tells them that we have a full stock of relics, because this place used to be owned by a D.A.R. lady. So they come over here and pick out something to take back home with them. I guess we sell more gavels than anything else. They range from five dollars up to fifteen for the big ones. The candelabra are the most expensive—thirty-two fifty a pair. The letter holders and paperweights are nice. And then we have the just plain

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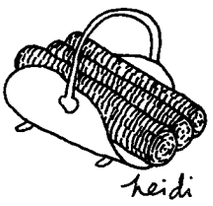
pieces of polished wood. Oh, no—the proceeds all go to the D.A.R. Of course, I wasn't around when it all began. I wasn't even born in 1925. But they tell me it all comes from the original Elm, and I believe them. So, yes—they're guaranteed."

"YOU couldn't exactly call our customers tourists," Paul Conrad told me. He and his twin brother, Charles, own (with their father) both Conrad & Sons Furniture and Conrad & Sons Piano Company. "But they mostly are from out of town. Out of town, out of county, even out of state. We're very strong in the Louisville area. The Conrads have been in Harrison County since the mid-nineteenth century. People like the idea that we've been in business since 1890. They like that kind of reliability. They also like the feeling of trading in a small town. They think the small-town merchant is more honest, more trustworthy—especially when you're buying something expensive, like a piano or an organ. They think we have this colloquialism."

CORYDON is the home of two thriving businesses whose names are favorably known even farther afield than Louisville. One of these, of course, is the Keller Manufacturing Company. The other, which has the distinction of being one of just twenty-five enterprises listed in the authoritative "American Glass Paperweights & Their Makers," by Jean S. Melvin (Thos. Nelson, 1967), is the Zimmerman Art Glass Company. The company is situated next door to the Arpac poultry-processing plant, on the eastern outskirts of town, and occupies a corrugated-iron shed, once painted a functional shade of green, that resembles a crossroads garage. It is owned and entirely operated by two men—Joseph Zimmerman and Gene Baxley. Both are old Corydonians. "I don't know how it happens, down here where we are, but most of our customers are walk-ins," Baxley told me. "Around ninety per cent. The rest are collectors from all over the country. I suppose the walk-ins hear about us from somebody up on the square. Our specialty is flowers opening up in bloom inside a clear crystal ball. All different sizes. We've made some that weighed as much as twelve pounds. We do morning glories, crocuses, roses, gardenias, pond lilies, and I don't know what all—anything we happen to think might be interesting to try to work out. Joe is the artist here. He learned to blow glass from his father, and I learned the little I know from him. We get good prices, but we have to. A good rose can take half a day. The big problem is getting good color. Many of the colors in this kind of work come from old colored glass. We melt it down and use it all over again. We've been lucky a couple of times. We got onto some old red railroad lantern globes up in Toledo—a beautiful color. Another time, we found some old blue globes down in New Orleans. We've got all the work we can handle. I shouldn't even be standing here talking to you. The week just isn't long enough for all the things we've got to do. Like make glass. Like get ideas and then blow the glass. Like keep the books. Like go hunting and fishing. And we've got to drink a little beer from time to time. We started this business in 1962, and we've been living happily ever since. The only trouble is, it makes me feel kind of guilty. I mean, anything as pleasurable as this has got to be wrong."



"BASKETBALL is king in Indiana," Jerry Conrad told me. Conrad, a tensely serious young man, six feet five and solidly built, is the basketball coach at Corydon Central High School, in Corydon. We were sitting on a bench in his office and workshop, the school gymnasium, where a banner strung across the ceiling proclaimed "Panthers Are Dynamite." It was late on a Friday afternoon, but two lanky boys were shooting baskets at the far end of the court. Conrad seemed to be watching them out of the corner of his eye. "Ohio is all football," he said. "Kentucky likes basketball, and, of course, they won the intercollegiate championship last March. Still . . ." He lifted his shoulders in a shrug. "But here in Indiana there isn't anything else. It's our heritage. Our kids start fooling around with a basketball at three or four. By the time they reach the third grade, they're into a regular basketball program at school. Some stay in and some don't. You've got to love the game to play it. Basketball has been very good to me. I grew up in Marengo, just north of here, and I'd probably still be there if it wasn't for basketball. It paid my way through four years of college—the University of Evansville. I had to learn the game. I didn't have natural ability. I was good, I guess, but not good enough. I mean, for pro. I played at college with Don Buse. He's with the Phoenix Suns now. I knew the difference the minute I saw him. I couldn't jump higher than two feet. Don had a lot of strength, very quick hands, and he could jump three feet. If you haven't got those abilities, forget it. Only a select few make it to pro. And it's getting tougher all the time. I've got a couple of kids here at school who could have got a basketball scholarship easy back in my day. They haven't got a chance today. People talk about the great black players. I've got a theory—at least for around here. The black kids really live the game. The white kids go driving around having a good time. The black kids mostly don't have a car. They stay home and shoot baskets. Basketball is a year-round game if you're going to play it well. Just the season isn't enough. I keep the gym here open three nights a week all summer, and I'll get as many as thirty kids in here every night. Don't forget, this is Indiana. They say there are two best places to recruit college basketball players. One is the real big city—like New York or L.A. The other is almost anywhere in Indiana."

LOOKING through the Corydon *Democrat* (three sections, forty-four pages) in Randy West's office one Wednesday (publication day), I came across a page headed "Harrison County Church Directory." The churches were listed alphabetically by denomination, and the listings occupied four columns. There were one hundred and four churches in all—Baptist, Catholic, Christian, Lutheran, Nazarene, Presbyterian, United Methodist, and Wesleyan, and such others as Bible Covenant, Full Gospel House of Prayer, Church of God of Prophecy, Trinity Church of Prayer, the True Church of God, St. John's Pentecostal, Kingdom Hall, Trinity Assembly of God. "That many?" West said. "Well, I'm not really surprised. Church is a big part of almost everybody's life around here. Our people take religion very seriously. They're sincere, God-fearing Christians. And very conservative. Fundamentalist."

"CONSERVATIVE isn't the word," the Reverend Elijah T. Perkins told me. Mr. Perkins was in his closing weeks as the pastor of the Old Capitol United Methodist Church—the largest church in Corydon—before moving on to a parish near Vincennes. He sat deep in his chair—a big, heavy man, with a big mustache, heavy horn-

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rimmed glasses, and a diamond ring on his finger. He shook his heavy head. "They're what I call mind-set. Do it our way or not at all. I'm new here. I was called here from Kentucky three years ago, and I'm not sure that I've adapted. There are a number of people in our congregation who aren't entirely pleased with the way I conduct our services. They think I'm too structured, too formal. They feel we must progress in the direction of more emotion. They want a celebration rather than formal worship. They want a chance to express their faith in a pentecostal manner—they want to experience the Holy Spirit in themselves. It disturbs them that I'm not charismatic, that I don't have the gift of tongues. There are ministers here who do. I'm thinking of my young friend Mark House. The fundamentalist churches are growing very rapidly. That may be the trend of the future. I acknowledge the power of prayer. I had asthma as a child, but at the age of twenty-one I prayed for help and my prayer was answered. God healed me. But anointing, laying on of hands, that's different. I was at a cottage service, a small group of us at a lady's home here. One of the ladies complained of some ailment. Our hostess was very concerned. She said she had some Oral Roberts oil, and she asked me to anoint our friend. I had to decline. And I'm afraid I dropped in their estimation."

MARK HOUSE is the pastor of the Trinity Assembly of God Church. The Trinity Assembly of God is the newest church in Corydon, and House, at twenty-eight, is the youngest clergyman in town. I met him by appointment at his home. He stood at the door as I drove up—blue-eyed and smiling, booted and jeaned, vibrant with animation. He led me down to a basement office. "Praise the Lord," he told me. "My wife and I are very happy in Corydon. When we came here, a year ago, I found a congregation of ten people meeting in the old Masonic Lodge. We now have a congregation of about seventy-five, and with loans of sixty thousand dollars from the Corydon State Bank and our parishioners we've taken over the old Corydon Baptist Church. I stand grateful to the Lord. I spent almost ten years in the wilderness. I grew up in New Albany, with an allowance of fifty dollars a week, and I went up to Indiana University in 1969 with clothes, a car, and all the credit cards. Those were the days of rhythm, riot, and revolution. I was a straight-A student, but the 'in' thing was to drop out, and I dropped out fast and far. I started doing drugs—pot, acid, and the psychedelics. I got separated from my dad. He didn't like the way I was going. No more allowance. I moved into heroin—using and selling. Everybody who does drugs sells. I was living at the other end of the barrel now. I was on the street. I made Atlanta, and Ford Lauderdale, and Chattanooga. I got busted. I was in and out of jail, I was in the Madison State Hospital, in Madison, Indiana. After four years, I made up with my dad. He was living in Chattanooga then, and I got a job driving a milk truck. I stayed straight for maybe six months. Then I went back on drugs, and got arrested again, and got put in a drug-rehabilitation center—on methadone. And that was the worst. Worse than heroin, more addictive. I'll say this right now—there's no solution to the drug problem but Christ. I got back to New Albany, and the second night I went out with two fellows to rob a doctor's office for drugs. But the doctor had an intercom, and he heard us and he was waiting there with a gun and opened up. One of us got hit. I never knew what happened to him. The other fellow gave up. They caught me four blocks away. They had me cold, because I had dropped a glove at the scene and the other glove was in my pocket. They told me I was lucky I wasn't lying there dead in the street. I sat in the jail that night and wished I was dead. I was so sick of my life.

"It's a strange thing. All those years when I was hitchhiking I kept getting picked up by preachers. I believe God was already dealing for me. I believe some angels intercepted those bullets that robbery night. And after I'd been in jail a couple of days, a man from the Christian Coffee House street ministry came in and talked to us. He was only a boy—just nineteen. Some of the men there made fun of him. They mocked him. I didn't do anything. I was too busy having a pity party for myself. But he came back again, and he sought me out. Praise the Lord! I'd never had any church background. He began to share with me—told me the plan of salvation. Ed Needham, that was his name. And he asked me what I wanted out of life. I didn't have to think it out. I said no more street scene, no more ripping off and being ripped off. So he showed me Galatians 5:22: 'But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.' And Ed said, 'This is what Christ said He would give those who will live for Him.' It sounded tremendous. I'd been hard on the outside, but that outside was really only brittle. God was able to break through. Ed asked did I want to go to Heaven. Oh, yes! Then Ed said for me to ask Jesus into my heart. I was ready to cry, but too proud. And all those other prisoners were watching. I said, 'Lord, if you can do anything with my life, you can have it.' But there was no feeling of response—no angels, no neon lights. I said, 'I need some methadone.' Then Ed's older friend, Bob, came over and said he would pray for me. He laid hands on me and began rebuking the Devil. He took authority over my sickness. Something warm went through my body, and I was healed. It shook me. I mean, to see God answering. He was concerned with little old me.

"But I had been with the wrong team for too many years. Some new guys came into jail and they had some pot. The old Devil began talking to me. I started smoking pot again and getting high and having a good old time there in jail. Then God sent a guy back from the penal farm. He was living for God one hundred per cent. He showed me I was doing wrong. And the next day, when they said let's smoke some pot, I said no. I said I had decided to follow Jesus all the way. They kind of made fun of me. But I never had another experience with drugs. They made me a trusty there at the jail. I went across the street one day to the Floyd County public library to read about Jesus, and I got to talking to a girl there about Christ and my experience with drugs. She sat right back when I said I was in the jail. But she came to see me there. Her name was Theresa. And—praise the Lord!—Theresa is the girl who became my wife. About that time, the Lord came to me when I was praying and told me to go to the sheriff's office and confess everything I had done in Floyd County. I was confused. *Was* it God, or was it the Devil trying to trick me? I said to God that if He really meant it, to give me a sign. I got out my Bible, and it opened to Hebrews 13:6: 'The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me.' But the sheriff, when I told him what I wanted to do, he kind of backed off.

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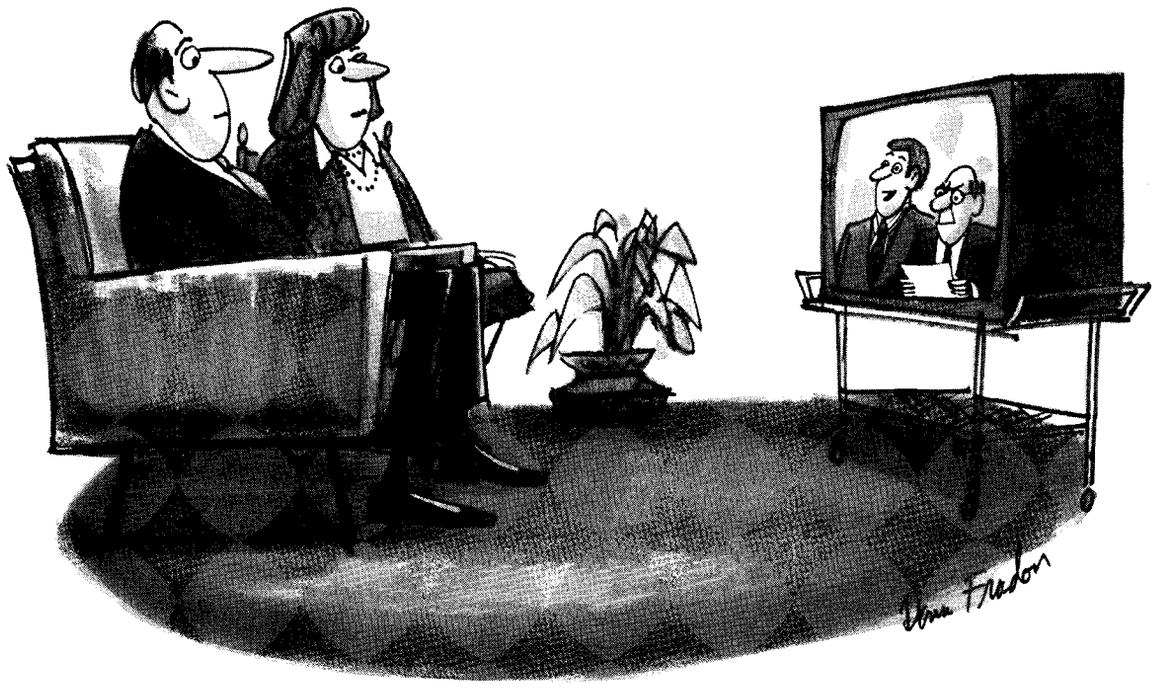
Was I demented? I told him the Lord had dealt with my heart. The detectives there thought about it, and then they told me they thought I was sincere. They said they were going to put my record in the cancelled-report file. That was early August of 1974, and they released me a few weeks later. I started going to the Assembly of God Church there in New Albany, and I got a job as janitor in the church, and Brother Drost, the pastor, practically adopted me, and I got in touch with Theresa, and she stopped smoking cigarettes and although she had been raised a Catholic, she came into the Assembly of God with me.

"I had been having trouble with my eyes for several years. The reason was drugs. A lawyer in Atlanta got me to a doctor. The doctor said it was retinal detachment, and he operated on my left eye to save it. But my vision in that eye was never better than wavy and blurred. But the Lord spoke to Brother Drost one day, and He told him to touch my eye. So he laid hands on me and we prayed. There was no obvious manifestation that night. But two months later, in church, a message came to me in other tongues. It was 'I am the Lord that healeth thee, and I am in the midst of my people and will work wonders tonight.' I heard it in my head, and it scared me so I couldn't stand up. But a man behind me got the same interpretation. I joined the healing line. I saw the shortened leg of a girl grow up to normal, and I burst out crying. I prayed to the Lord to heal my eye. And the next day I went to my ophthalmologist for a checkup, and he was blown away. I was seeing twenty-thirty. I was dating Theresa, and I was thinking, Should I marry her? So I asked the Lord. I reached in the little scripture box and took out a card. It said, 'I shall be satisfied.' So we got married, and the Lord called us up to the Teen Challenge unit in Muskegon, Michigan, to help kids fight their way out of drugs. We were there for fourteen months, and then the Lord spoke to us to go back home and start a church in a new place. He said, 'Take a conduit out from the Mother Church.' He meant Corydon. I wasn't ordained yet, but I was working for my ministry. I'll have my full license this winter. The ministry is not a job. It's a calling from the Lord, and I've been called. Praise the Lord! Corydon is a wonderful place. Our church is growing so fast. The average age of our congregation is between twenty-six and thirty-five. We have lots of kids. The teen-agers are so open to the Gospel. They're hungry for the spirit world. The Assembly of God is the fastest-growing Protestant church in the world today. Our headquarters are in Springfield, Missouri. We fill a need. We preach divine healing. We believe in the gifts of the spirit—in insight. We believe in direct communication with the Lord. It is written in James 5:14-15: 'Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' Could anything be clearer than that? I know who I'm representing. Praise the Lord!"

"YES, well," Dr. Rashidul Islam told me. "We have seven doctors in the Corydon area, and we're all busy. We have a new, completely modern hospital, with sixty-eight beds and an intensive-care unit, and most of our beds are usually occupied. No—what concerns me is something else. I was trained in England, but I practiced in upstate New York and in New Jersey before I came here. I'm concerned with what I call the Small Town Disease. That's my term for obesity. It is especially a disease of the small-town woman. She marries young, right out of high school, and her life becomes centered entirely in the home, and the center of the home is the kitchen. She eats too much. She has no other outlet. She has no outside life except church and the high-school basketball game on Friday night. And she gets no exercise—she rides wherever she goes, even just down to the square. And the reason I call it the Small Town Disease is this: there is no social force in the small town to restrain her. I think of it as a cultural thing. There is no tradition of chic. The city woman responds to social pressures that she look well. The small-town woman doesn't care. Not in every case, of course, but most. She comes to me, and she's conspicuously overweight and headed for hypertension, and she says, 'I have to eat. It's my only pleasure.' "

—BERTON ROUECHÉ



"Last week, the management of this station wished our listeners a happy New Year. Here now is Mr. Clyde Wilmer with an opposing view."

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[*Adv. in the Owensboro (Ky.) Messenger-Inquirer*]

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THE THEATRE

Shavian Arias

A SUPERB production of Shaw's "Man and Superman" has opened at the Circle in the Square. The play is a joyous one, written in a language so lilting and zestful that it threatens constantly to turn into song. The repeated tributes to the life force uttered by Jack Tanner, the hero of the play, are like so many operatic recitatives, and this is not surprising, for "Man and Superman" is a witty and garrulous offspring of "Don Giovanni." In paying homage to Mozart, Shaw was also paying homage to himself; he had a high opinion of his intellect and talents (he believed, or pretended to believe, that he was a far greater dramatist than Shakespeare), and it was only to Mozart that he was prepared to play second fiddle—or, rather, second flute. Jack Tanner is a version of Don Juan, and he is simultaneously a version of Shaw; one can trust the play as autobiography more confidently than one can trust it as a treatise on genetics and upper-middle-class morality in Edwardian England. Shaw wrote the play in his late forties, at the peak of his powers, and one senses almost from line to line the relish he took in exercising them. What a long way he had come from down-at-heel Dublin, and what a long way he intended to go! He was an Irish outsider, a braggart, a Socialist, a reformer (even the alphabet was not safe in his hands), and a crank about food, drink, clothing, and medicine. He mocked the English for their hypocrisy and railed at them for their innumerable faults, and because he was able to make them laugh they forgave him his truthtelling. Savage as his indictment of them might seem in the world's eyes, they saw it as mere foolery—the court jester exists, after all, to remind the king of his mortality, and not to give him advice on the management of his kingdom. There is plenty of foolery in "Man and Superman," and plenty of lightly disguised anger as well. The world remains in need of remaking, and so we remain in need of Shaw and are grateful for his exuberant asperities.

George Grizzard is physically very unlike my notion of Jack Tanner—I think of Tanner as resembling a young Shaw: tall, slender, and fiery-bearded—but he speaks his lines admirably, and his energy never flags throughout the long course of the play. (The dream scene of "Don Juan in Hell" has been retained in this production; very welcome it is.) I salute the rest of the large cast en masse; it includes Ann Sachs, Richard Woods, Philip Bosco, Laurie Kennedy, Nicholas Woodeson, Kate Wilkinson, Mark Lamos, Michael O'Hare, and Bette Henritze. Mr. Bosco makes a superlatively melodious Mendoza and an imposing Satan, and Mr. Woods is admirable as both the stuffy Roebuck Ramsden and the statue of the Commander. The pretty scenery and costumes are by Zack Brown, and the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana. The direction is by Stephen Porter, and I find it hard to imagine how it could be bettered.

"BALLROOM" is a sad curiosity of a musical. A frumpy middle-aged widow and a middle-aged married mailman meet at a public ballroom, fall in love, and undertake an affair. They are not very interesting people, and nothing of interest befalls them in the

"We have fourteen cats, but Kevin thinks we only have twelve."

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course of the evening. The book, by Jerome Kass, is a low-sudsing soap opera, and the songs that accompany the book (music by Billy Goldenberg, lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman) are commensurate in merit. Dorothy Loudon as the widow and Vincent Gardenia as the mailman struggle gallantly but in vain to bring their soggy cardboard characters to life. Little in "Ballroom" gave me pleasure except the scenery, which is by Robin Wagner; the costumes, which are by Theoni V. Aldredge; and the lighting, which is by Tharon Musser. The show was directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett, to whom we owe "A Chorus Line." Life in the theatre has its ups and downs. —BRENDAN GILL

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Mr. President, does any Senator wish recognition before the motion to recess is made?

If not, I thank all Senators, and with best wishes for a good weekend and with the prospects for hard days and diligent labors and many tests in the immediate days ahead, weeks ahead, may I say to the distinguished Senator from California (Mr. HAYAKAWA) I hope that the Senate can adjourn sine die—is that the correct pronunciation, sine die?

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Absolutely, that is perfectly acceptable.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Well, if it is acceptable to the Senator from California, it must be all right. It would be acceptable to Webster, would it not?

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Fine.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Sine die.

By the way, I often hear and use the words "p-e-r s-e."

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Per se.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Pronounced per se as in bee, or per se, as in bay. I pronounce it both per se, and per se, I suppose either is correct—is either correct?

Mr. HAYAKAWA. I would prefer per se.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Per se.

I will stick with per se.

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Chacun à son goût.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Speaking of words, I have heard these words pronounced in a myriad of ways. Amicus curiae, amicus curiae.

How would the Senator from California pronounce those words? I have heard amicus curiae, amicus curiae, amicus curiae, amicus curiae, and amicus curiae?

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Amicus curiae.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. The Senator would.

Mr. HAYAKAWA. Yes. I took 4 or 5 years of Latin. I never got over it.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Well, I am not one to argue with the Senator, but I think I will just continue amicus curiae.

Mr. HAYAKAWA. That is dreadful.

Mr. ROBERT C. BYRD. Let me see if I can think of another word.

Well, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

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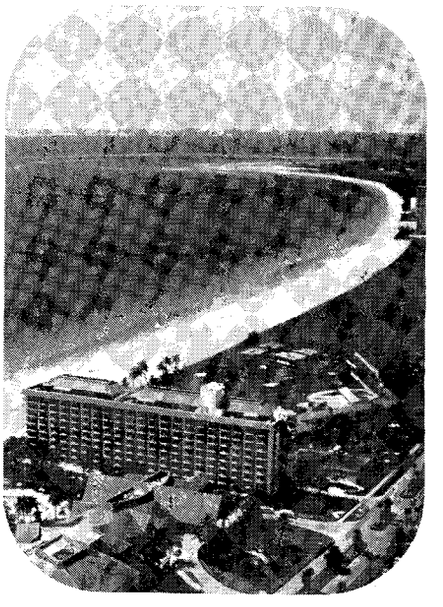

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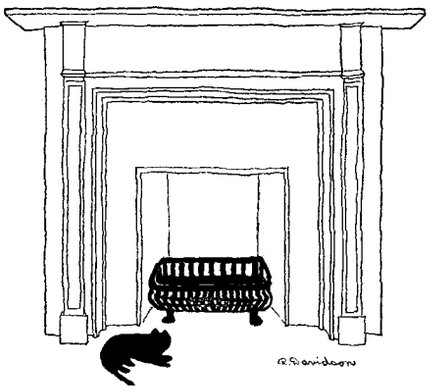
To ramble in the old A.D.
Give my regards to Glenwood
Senior Center,
Hold the I.R.T.!

NOSTALGIA—strictly speaking, a painful longing for home—is a term baroque enough these days to embrace an urge to leave home and revisit the Forty-first Assembly District in Brooklyn, the site of the recent insurgent victory against Stanley Steingut: assemblyman, State Assembly speaker, and district leader. When such a longing came over me last spring, I had spent several years of inadvertent exile in a bucolic outpost of New York City where neighborhood politics generate headlines like "ELECTION WORKERS BUSTLE AS DAY NEARS." The headline that excited me—actually a subhead—appeared in the *Village Voice* of April 3rd. "UNSPEAKABLE AFFRONT," it read, hovering over a photograph of Speaker Steingut. My heart raced as I read the lead to a brief report on the prospective uprising: "There's trouble in Brooklyn this week." It seemed that there might be a challenge to the regular Democratic candidates for state and Party positions; namely, Steingut, ordinarily a good bet for nomination and reëlection to the Assembly and the district leadership, and Pearl Anish, his running mate for co-leader. The unpaid Party jobs are also more formally known as Democratic State Committeeman and Democratic State Committeewoman. The allotment by sex is traditional.

The venerable Assemblyman first latched on to his seat in Albany and the district leadership in 1952, when his father, Assemblyman and District Leader Irwin Steingut, died. By the time Stanley Steingut lost the leadership in the September, 1978, primary and the Assembly seat in the November general election, which he fought from the last ditch of the Liberal line, running against "King Stanley" had become something of a native custom within the shifting borders of the Forty-first, and I recognized two of the participants in this year's uprising as old acquaintances from my days as a Brooklyn-insurgent-watcher: City Councilman Theodore (Ted) Silverman, from the Twenty-fifth Councilmanic District, and his wife and chief administrative aide, Sondra (Sandy) Silverman. Each of the Silvermans was married to someone else when I met them, nine and a half years ago, and they had then just completed a successful campaign, as candidate and campaign adviser, against the Democratic incumbent on the City Council. Although they eventually joined the regular organization and appeared to settle down as members of Steingut's Madison Democratic Club, I wasn't surprised last spring to see that these two veterans of the anti-Steingut wars were at it again. They had been provoked, according to the *Voice*, by the Madison Club's choice of Pearl Anish over Sandy Silverman as the candidate for co-leader.

That night, I dreamed of makeshift campaign headquarters in dingy narrow storefronts, furnished with woebegone desks and rickety folding chairs, decorated with fiery hand-lettered posters full of ultimatums, and peopled with dark-haired young men in yarmulkes poring over wall maps of the district. My ears rang with names and slogans from the past: Lebowitz, Bloom, Reichman, Kramer, Simon, Douglas, Fox, Cohen, Maisel; the New Era Club, the New Frontier Club, the Kings County Democratic Coalition, the Samuel J. Tilden Independent Democrats; "Clean Up the Mess!," "The Time Is Now for Positive Change," "Others Talk—Cohen Does!," "Remember His Name . . . Fight His Game" (Lebowitz, that was), "Elect Your New Democratic Team," "Enough Is Enough. Elect Silverman. Theodore 'Ted' Silverman."

So, on a bright windy day at the end of April, I abandoned the lettuce patch and the budding dogwoods for a sentimental journey to 1562 Ralph Avenue, three doors down from Teenas Cake Fair, to attend the launching of the New Way Democratic Club. "There Must Be a Better Way—We Hope the New Way Democratic Club Is That Better Way."



One of the documents available at the birth of the club was "A Declaration of Independence," printed mostly in upper-case letters on a semblance of parchment and signed by Theodore Silverman:

> TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, THE FOUNDING FATHERS OF OUR COUNTRY WERE FACED WITH KING GEORGE INSTEAD OF SPEAKER STEINGUT. IF THEY LIVED IN THE 41ST ASSEMBLY DISTRICT TODAY, HERE'S WHAT THEY WOULD HAVE HAD TO SAY—
>
> AGAIN—
>
> "GOVERNMENTS ARE INSTITUTED AMONG MEN . . ."

et cetera.

The club's recruits for this year's battle were Helene Weinstein, to oppose Steingut for his Assembly seat; Carl Garritani, to oppose Steingut for the position of state committeeman; and, to oppose Anish for the position of state committeewoman, Sandy Silverman. The Councilman served as one of two tutelary spirits of the campaign and embodied dedication to The People. The other tutelar was an outlander, Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, who helped to raise a few thousand dollars, and whose symbolic value as a declared enemy of Steingut was considerable. "It felt good to have Andrew around," Sandy Silverman said after the New Way team had its final victory over Steingut, in November. "It felt reassuring. He is probably the most recognizable and the most adored public official there is. I really like him. I do not see him as ruthless—maybe it's just my opinion. He's ambitious, but that's not bad, is it? He understood—he *knew*—that Ted and I had something to lose going against Steingut."

The insurgent décor of the club on opening day confirmed my fond memories. Dilapidated desks and tables held sandwiches and a large rectangular cake inscribed "Congradulations" (*sic*); the upper walls and the ceiling had been newly painted orange, but the linoleum floor was cracked and torn. Beside a small refrigerator loomed a red-beribboned dieffenbachia, bearing a warning label: "Asexual reproduction of this plant without a license is prohibited." Three young men in yarmulkes were deep in study of a wall map of the district, while a band—saxophone and electric piano—played festive standards from a loose-leaf "fake" book. The candidates were formally introduced to a happy crowd

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of friends and relatives: "And now, the female-leader candidate, Sandy Silverman!" Dozens cheered.

In her one previous insurgent candidacy, in 1970, the present Mrs. Silverman ran for co-leader as a member of the ill-fated team of Lebowitz, Reichman, and Kramer. (She was Reichman.) Her opponent in that fling against the regulars was Brooklyn's most famous female leader, the legendary Beadie Markowitz, whose death last February left the opening that Sandy Silverman ended up fighting for—a fight that led to the downfall of Stanley Steingut. Connoisseurs will recall the 1972 redistricting that brought about the alliance of Miss Markowitz, formerly of the John F. Kennedy Democratic Club in the Fortieth, with Steingut, of the Madison Club, in the Forty-first.

Speaking of alliances, the Silvermans were married in 1974, and one day, during a visit to their Council desk in City Hall, I asked how they had met.

"Ocean Hill-Brownsville," Sandy said. "Remember Ocean Hill-Brownsville? The teachers' strike, in 1968? When I first met Ted, he was a truck driver, a deliveryman for the *News*. He was a crewcut civic leader, and I was Mrs. Mommy-Wife, making chicken soup and knedels. We were together on the executive board of the P.-T.A. at P.S. 251. He told me, 'People have been asking me if I would run for City Council, and I'd like you to be my project coördinator.' I was a mother, and I *am* a— What shall I say? An administrative aide, a legislative aide, and a plain aide. I'm really a deputy councilman, except that there is no such thing. I went from making soup to telling my children how to make the soup."

Silverman, having won his first election in 1969, made an abortive attempt on Steingut's district leadership in 1970. Afterward, however, as a proven vote-getter with conventional views, he had little trouble winning the favor of Meade Esposito, the Brooklyn county leader. In 1972, both Ted and Sandy were admitted into the marble halls (figuratively speaking) of the Madison Club. "It was practical for both Steingut and Silverman," Sandy told me in November of that year. "Stanley was entering an election year for assemblyman and district leader; the following year, we had our election for Council, and you didn't know whether Teddy was gonna run against Stanley or was Stanley gonna put up a candidate against Ted. It was very strange at the beginning, but, in all honesty, the club was extremely receptive to us. There were some people— The second time we were there, a guy came in and he said, 'I thought we hated Silverman,' and everybody came over to Ted and said, 'It's not us talking; we have no bad feelings, you must understand,' and they said to me, 'Take a contract pad.' A contract pad. The pad has printed on it the name of the club—all right, Madison—and the election district. There is space to write in the name of the captain; the name, address, and phone number of the person asking for help; the interview—we interview the person—and who it's assigned to; this particular problem, whatever it may be; and the answer." She paused for breath. "There's really no room for the answer. Really, it's the same thing I was doing for Ted at the Council, except that I was writing on scraps.

"So: What is a contract? Here's one I've been working on for about ten months now, first thing I ever took in the club. A guy came in, a captain in the club, and that's how he made me feel part of them, when he gave me a contract. He said they hadn't had bells, outside bells, in some very large apartment house—I think sixty families—and would I be able to either call the Housing and Development Administration or the landlord or something and make sure that they get bells. And I took it, and I got in touch with the H.D.A. and I threatened them or I asked them, and I begged them, I cajoled, did whatever I had to, and they had an investigator go down there, and the investigator filled out a report and he said that the landlord had to put bells. That took about three months. And then they still didn't have bells, and I called the landlord and I said, 'How dare you not have bells? The Councilman says that bells must be in and we must have bells,' and that took another three months—that's six months. Well, after about six months they have an electrician, who completely stripped the old bells, and they put in new wires, and we are now at the new-wire stage. So I call the landlord every two weeks and say, 'What about my bells?'—they're my bells now—and he says, 'Oh, yeah, yeah, your

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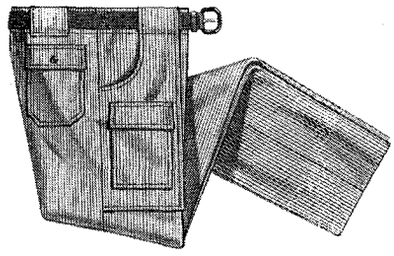

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bells.' And a contract can also mean a sewer has to be cleaned out, and I have my great friend at the sewer department who gives me immediate consideration on sewers. Or somebody'll come in and ask for a summer job for a kid."

"Sandy is a very unusual woman," a Madison captain said to me once. "More than a right-hand man. She's all over the community in a given day. She's very beloved by the Madisonians. And she's like an eighteen-year-old."

"One of the reasons I like working with Stanley Steingut, I like seeing the power work," Sandy said during this period of détente. "I love to see power when it's used for the people. It's his district, and he does have the power and he does have the garbage picked up immediately. That's the greatest. It's good and bad, though. I can't stand the confinement of the club. I'm a gypsy."

Ideologically, aside from the populism that marks their intertwining careers, the Silvermans are an odd couple. For the most part, the Councilman has been as regular as regular Democrats go nowadays, while Sandy is by nature a freethinker. "I've lost my faith," she sometimes says, in dark moments. When, about six years ago, Madison Square Garden considered dropping the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" before every event there, Ted achieved momentary fame by introducing legislation to enforce customary playing of the anthem, and Sandy found herself reluctantly justifying his patriotic fervor. "He really means it," she kept telling people. The Garden soon decided to drop the idea, nipping Silverman's law in the bud. "Theoretically, I should be like an echo of him, but I find it hard to be anybody's echo," Sandy explained. "He doesn't really care. I kind of say what I want to, and I do what I want to, because, No. 1, I've gotta be me. That sounds cliché-ish, but it's true, I do, and I will never— He is my apologist. He'll say, 'She *did*?' or 'She *said* that? Well, she didn't mean that.' He's a conservative and I'm a liberal. Definitely, he is the most conservative liberal I know. The basic difference between us is that he's a politician and I'm not. No, the basic difference between us is that he's a man and I'm a woman. No, the basic difference between us really is that he is definitely sliding conservative and I have remained liberal. I think I've gotten more liberal."

In 1973, in 1974 (in an election necessitated by redistricting), and in 1977, Ted Silverman was reëlected to the Council with the support of the Madison Club and of the county organization. Last April, the New Way storefront resounded with apostasy.

"The candidate for state committeeman, Carl Garritani," Ted announced. "Young retired policeman, twenty-four medals for bravery, going against Stanley Steingut's twenty-six-year reign as district leader!" Mr. Garritani acknowledged the cheers with a smile.

I read in a campaign flyer, "Concern for his wife Amy, their two children Carl, Jr. and Gina and the quality of life in their community caused him to become a community activist—Founder of umbrella group of 40 block associations—Chairman of the Board of the United Community Association of Flatlands—Member of Knights of Columbus, Flatbush Council—Special representative on crime and security to Community Boards #9, 17, 18. . . . CARL—A rare combination of public service and community service, often referred to as 'BROOKLYN'S MARIO BIAGGI.'"

Next Ted introduced Helene Weinstein, a bespectacled twenty-five-year-old lawyer with, it was hopefully said, some physical resemblance to Representative Elizabeth Holtzman. In my single conversation with the candidate, I found her to be a fluent advocate of capital punishment. The campaign flyer said, "HELENE—A BREATH OF FRESH AIR to rid us of the 'STENCH OF STEINGUT!'" Unfortunately for the quality of the air, perhaps, Helene Weinstein was knocked off the ballot by the State Supreme Court thirteen days before the primary, when Steingut forces challenged the legality of her claim to reside in Brooklyn. Fortunately, the New Way was able to come up with another Weinstein to replace Helene—her father, Murray, also a lawyer. The effects of the substitution on the momentum of the campaign and on its literature were negligible.

WHEN I visited the club on Primary Night, September 12th, Murray and Helene smiled at each other from posters on opposite walls as the returns were tallied and posted. It was pouring rain at 9 P.M.—the hour the polls closed—and the storefront glowed like a mirage in the fairly stygian darkness of Ralph Avenue. The

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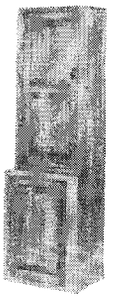

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cabdriver who delivered me there from the Flatbush Avenue-Nostrand Avenue subway stop warned me about the neighborhood and gave me a card for calling a cab to take me safely away. By the time I had squeezed into an empty spot in the crowd, election workers were handing their returns to a man with a microphone who relayed them to Ted Silverman. Silverman recorded them on a giant paper tally sheet tacked to the back wall. Smoke and shouting filled the air.

MICROPHONE: Attention, please! All tally sheets, please bring them in the rear, please. Testing: one, two . . .

WOMAN: You should see what came in just now—platters of sandwiches from Joe's delicatessen.

MAN: Hey, Councilman, did you buy the champagne?

MICROPHONE: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention, please! The Fifty-fifth Election District, Fifty-fifth E.D., the Assembly race: Weinstein one hundred and twenty-two, Steingut seventy; Garritani eighty-nine, Steingut seventy; Silverman one hundred and twenty-one, Anish fifty-six.

CROWD: (*A big cheer*)

MICROPHONE: Ladies and gentlemen, listen to this one, the Fifty-fourth E.D.: Weinstein a hundred and fifty-three, Steingut ninety-two; Garritani one fifty-two, Steingut sixty-eight; Silverman one fifty-eight, Anish seventy-nine!

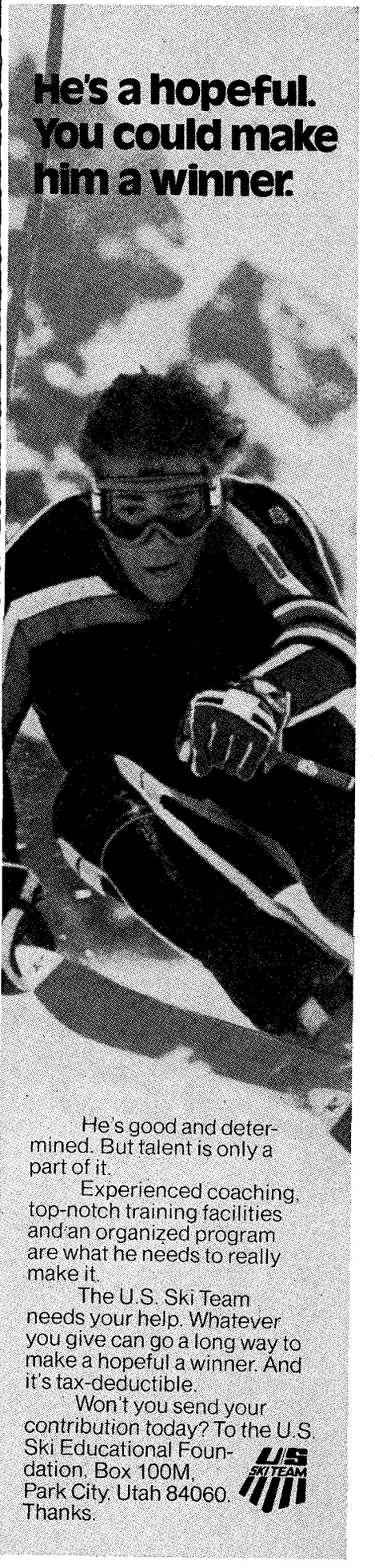
MAN: We're ahead—us!

MICROPHONE: Listen to the Forty-seventh! Weinstein one fifty-six, the ex-Speaker of the Assembly fifty-two! Your attention, please, listen to this one: Garritani one hundred and sixty, fifty for the Speaker; Silverman one thirty-eight to sixty-five for Anish! Let's get some more of these returns back here. You people did a hell of a job! Twenty-four, Ted, Twenty-fourth E.D., listen to this! Forty for Weinstein, twenty-one for Steingut; Steingut seventeen, Garritani twenty-nine. We're supposed to lose this E.D. Sandy Silverman thirty-three to Anish twenty-three!

CROWD: (*Loud, cheerful yells and applause*)

TEEN-AGE GIRL: We won the project! We won Glenwood Houses! We won!

MICROPHONE: Crown Heights, Sixth E.D., that's a stronghold, folks. Weinstein forty-five, Steingut fifty-two; Garritani twenty-five, fifty-six for Steingut; Silverman thirty-eight, Anish forty-six. . . . They're not going to make it this way. . . . This will blow your minds, listen to this one. Your attention, please! Please, you gotta be quiet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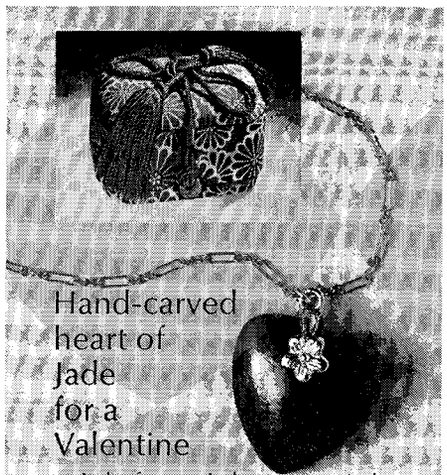
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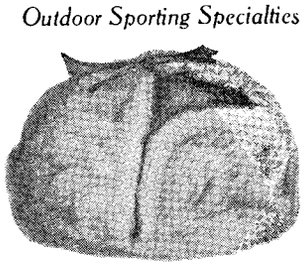
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or you're not gonna hear it. It's gonna be a long night, listen . . .

CROWD: (*Wild cheering, louder than ever*)

WOMAN: Do you realize what we're doing?

MAN: Do I realize!

MAN: Pack your bags, Stanley, you're leaving!

MICROPHONE: Ladies and gentlemen, Andrew Stein just walked in. Let's hear it for Andy Stein!

CROWD: (*Loudest cheer yet*)

MICROPHONE: Ladies and gentlemen, we just got a flash that Governor Carey is leading . . .

CROWD: (*Groans*)

MICROPHONE: . . . but it's only because he's not running against Andy Stein!

It wasn't a long night; the New Way team was sure that it had won by eleven o'clock, and Ted Silverman came to the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I just want to tell you one thing: this is the most incredible upset in politics in the State of New York. Stanley Steingut lost an election! We have made political history on Ralph Avenue! The Steingut dynasty has ended, and the dynasty of The People will begin! I just want you to know you're the greatest group of people that have ever assembled in any room at any time. Quiet. Stop roaring! Let me introduce you to the surrogate assemblyperson, Helene Weinstein!"

A man yelled, "Where's Murray?"

A woman yelled back at him, "I saw Murray standing in a downpour!"

Silverman wound up his speech with "Ladies and gentlemen, Murray Weinstein will be here in one moment. We had the people. We had the people."

Around midnight, the Silvermans embraced, standing in the darkened doorway of Lenny's Shoe Store. "I still can't believe it," the Councilman said. "Here we are, from a hole in the wall on Ralph Avenue nine years ago."

EPILOGUE: Aside from the issue of Steingut himself, the philosophical differences between the two slates were hard to pin down. One piece of literature, issued in the name of Carl Garritani, spoke loosely of "meaningful change." A flyer bearing the signatures of the New Way's three original candidates reminded voters that "those who are elected to public and party office have a special trust to serve and service their community," and attributed to their opponents "scandals, indictments, alleged involvements, higher taxes and reduced services." A palm card distributed after Murray Weinstein had replaced Helene said simply "WE'VE BEEN HAD FOR THE PAST 50 YEARS!!"

And then there was a flyer that read:

THE DEATH PENALTY

Weinstein	Steingut
Garritani	and
Silverman	Anish
Say	Say
"YES"	"NO"

THE CHOICE IS CLEAR

ONE afternoon in August, Sandy and her teen-age daughter Valerie were working the corner of Nostrand Avenue and Avenue D, between a bus stop and a subway station, in a mainly black neighborhood just outside the Forty-first A.D. "We'll get people on their way home from work," Sandy said. They were handing out combs, nail files, key chains, and campaign literature to people coming up from the subway to wait in line for the bus. Valerie wore a very big button imprinted with

Hello
I'm Valerie
Vote for My Mom
Sandy
SILVERMAN
for District Leader

A bus dispatcher wearing a heavy silver bracelet and a bead necklace stood with his arms folded and eyed them with a cynical smile. He remarked that Steingut had been on the corner the day before.

"You know what they say," Sandy told him. "It's our season, we're cutting velvet. What can I tell you? It's our season."

The dispatcher laughed. "It would be nice, though, if everything were getting better instead of everything getting worse," he said.

The New Way sound car pulled up to the curb at the end of the bus line, now almost half a block long.

"Say hello to Sandy Silverman, candidate for district leader," the amplified voice exhorted the wary travellers. "Twenty-six years of Stanley Steingut is enough. Say hello to a New Way. Say hello to Sandy Silverman.

"Stanley Steingut is against the death penalty.

"Stanley Steingut has served his last term as assemblyman.

"Stanley Steingut is friends with the New York Telephone Company.

"We put an end to Nixon; we can put an end to Stanley Steingut.

"We no longer need an assembly-

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man who is friends with Con Edison.

"We no longer need an assemblyman who is friends with Bernard Bergman and corrupt nursing-home operators."

A B8 bus pulled up, and the line of people moved into it.

A little girl appeared and began to hand out Steingut shopping bags.

"After twenty-six years of Stanley Steingut, all you get is a shopping bag," said the New Way voice.

"After twenty-six years of Stanley Steingut, where's our Avenue D mall? It's up in Albany and it's called Rockefeller Plaza.

"Twenty-six years of Stanley Steingut is just enough.

"After twenty-six years of Stanley Steingut, say hello to Sandy Silverman.

"After twenty-six years, we deserve better.

"After twenty-six years, we deserve an Avenue D mall.

"After twenty-six years, we deserve the death penalty."

I ASKED Sandy after she had won the primary whether the death penalty had been an important issue—whether she did indeed say "Yes."

"I do not believe that the death penalty was any great issue," she said, wringing her hands and speaking with more than usual deliberation. "It was one of the things that my team was *for*, but I really don't think . . ." She moaned. "It was discussed, and it was clear that as part of the team I would have to use it as a last device. They—People would ask me, and I had a very hard time."

Sandy brightened for a moment. "I'll tell you what I am for. If people—I think maybe a referendum . . ." Her voice faded away again, and she sat looking miserable.

Finally, she said, "It was a matter of team strategy: 'You have to have the death penalty.' And I said, 'Well, what am I going to say if somebody asks me?' I never had to come out and say, '*I* am for the death penalty.' "

—SUSAN LARDNER

•

Heat can be generated in many ways: faulty or improper electrical equipment, smoling in restricted areas, friction, static electricity (more prevalent in cool, dry weather), spontaneous combustion, or even natural causes such as lightning or birds nesting at the tops of elevators with lit cigarette butts.

—*Paris (Ill.) Beacon-News.*

They're the worst, those chain smolers!

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Package

CHRISTOPHER REEVE, the young actor chosen to play the lead in "Superman," is the best reason to see the movie. He has an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Reeve plays innocent but not dumb, and the combination of his Pop jawline and physique with his unassuming manner makes him immediately likable. In this role, Reeve comes close to being a living equivalent of comic-strip art—that slang form of simplified storytelling in which the visual and verbal meanings can be totally absorbed at a glance. But "Superman," one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, and with the biggest *event* promotion yet, is a cheesy-looking film, with a John Williams "epic" score that transcends self-parody—cosmic fanfares keep coming when there's nothing to celebrate. The sound piercing your head tells you that you should remember each name in the euphoric opening credits. That's where the peak emotion in the film is: in the package.

"Superman" gives the impression of having been made in panic—in fear that "too much" imagination might endanger the film's appeal to the literal-minded. With astronomic sums of money involved (though not in ways perceptible to viewers), the producers and the director, Richard Donner, must have been afraid even of style—afraid that it would function satirically, as a point of view (as it does in the James Bond pictures). Style, to them, probably meant the risk of camp, which might endanger the film's appeal to the widest audience. Several modern directors (most notably Godard) have been influenced by the visual boldness of comic-strip art—by the primary colors, unfurnished environments, and crisp, posterish sophistication—and the Pop artists who did blowups of comic-strip frames made us conscious of the formal intelligence in those cartoons, but "Superman" hasn't been designed in terms of the conventions of Pop. It has no controlling vision; there's so little consistency that each sequence might have had a different director and been color-processed in a different lab. Visually, it's not much more than a 70-mm. version of a kiddie-matinée serial. "Superman" carries a dedication to its cinematographer, Geoffrey Unsworth, who died shortly after completing the production, but this poorly lighted and, for the most part, indifferently composed film is not a fitting tribute to the man who shot "Cabaret."

The narrative immediacy of comic strips is what has such a magical effect on kids. The plot is socked to them, with exclamation points. And we go to "Superman" hoping for that kind of disreputable energy. But it isn't there, and you can feel the anticipatory elation in the theatre draining out. Donner doesn't draw us in and hold on to us; we're with him only in brief patches—a few seconds each. The plotting is so hit or miss that the movie never seems to get started. It should, because there's a marvellous, simplistic fantasy in the story of Superman: a superior being from another planet who is so strong that he can take care of the problems afflicting ours with his bare hands, but who must not reveal himself, and so goes among us in disguise as Clark Kent, a timid, clumsy, bespectacled reporter. Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster, the Cleveland teen-agers who developed the idea and began trying to market the strip in 1933 and finally succeeded in 1938, provided a metaphor for the troubles and conflicts of boy dreamers: hidden inside the fumbling, fear-ridden adolescent is the all-competent giant. The divided hero is both a ninety-seven-pound weakling and Charles Atlas, but, unlike human beings, with their hope that the clown will grow into the hero, Superman is split forever. He can perform miracles, but he remains frustrated: as Clark Kent, this lonely stranger cannot win the woman he loves—the girl reporter Lois Lane—because she is in love with Superman. (Like the Scarlet Pimpernel and a number of other mass-culture heroes, he is his own rival.) This tragi-comic figure might have provided a great central character for a space-adventure picture—a supremely human non-human hero—if only the moviemakers had trusted the idea of Superman.

The story has been updated from the thirties to the seventies, but not modernized, not rethought—just plunked down in the seventies. In the era of Al Pacino, Dustin Hoffman, and Woody Allen—a time when people acknowledge the humor and good sense in cowardice—might not the girl reporter (Margot Kidder) find herself drawn to Clark Kent's unsureness and feel some conflict in her swooning response to Superman? (She might even prefer Clark Kent.) And, in an era in which urban corruption and decay are deep and widespread, Superman's confident identification with the forces of law and order, and his thinking that he's cleaning up Metropolis (New York City) when he claps some burglars and thieves in jail, might be treated with a little irony. (It would be more fun to see him putting out a fire while kids threw stones at him, or arresting a mugger and being surrounded by an angry, booing crowd, or tackling the garbage problem.) The Superman who announces "I'm here to fight for truth, justice, and the American way" needs a little ribbing. But the film doesn't bring any ambiguity into this portrait of an outsize F.B.I. man from space. It doesn't risk new sources of comedy. It sticks to dumb jokes about spelling, and low-comedy scenes between Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman), the criminal mastermind who makes his home under Grand Central Station, and his bungling helper (Ned Beatty), with Luthor's floozy (Valerie Perrine) looking on. You can see that Hackman likes the idea of dressing up in what must be Liberace's castoffs and playing a funny maniac, and when he has a halfway good line he scores his laugh. But he's strenuously frivolous, like a guest villain on a late-sixties "Batman" show. Most of the time, he and Beatty are doing deliberately corny material—a kiddies' version of the kind of burlesque routines that Roy Kinnear does in Richard Lester movies—and the director can't seem to get the timing right.

Probably the moviemakers thought that the picture would sell on its special effects—Superman's flying, and his rescues, and the disasters and cataclysms. The special effects are far from wizardly, though, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial moments. The biggest effects (such as Superman's zipping up the San Andreas fault) are truncated—a couple of quick shots and out. In the early scenes on the planet Krypton, where the infant Superman lives, we're acutely conscious of the lack of elegance in the design, because Krypton, which is supposed to be more advanced than Earth by thousands of years, has plastic-chandelier décor, like a Vegas lobby. There is only one truly elegant trick effect in the Krypton footage: three

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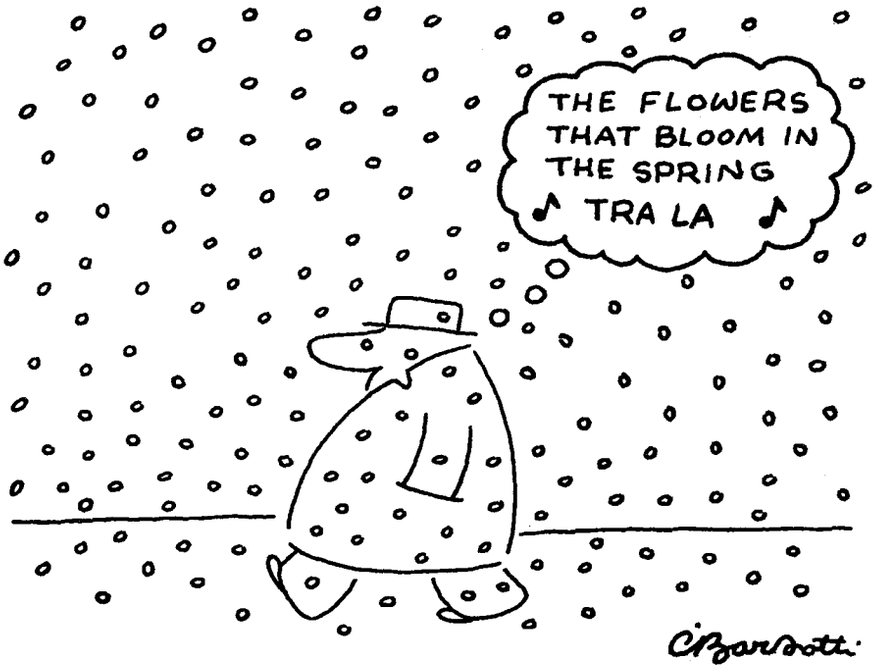
revolutionary "traitors" who are expelled from the planet become reflections trapped in a fifth-dimensional object that suggests a flying mirror. The conversation of the advanced beings on Krypton isn't very stimulating, either. Mostly, it's just the infant's father, Jor-El (Marlon Brando), delivering ponderosities. Brando has begun to look like an Indian chief, and he confers a distinguished presence on his scenes. His magnificent head is topped with white hair, and he does a straightforward God the Father performance, with perhaps a trace of Claude Rains in his intonations. Jor-El packs his plump, bright-eyed infant off to Earth, in a little star-shaped spaceship, just before Krypton is destroyed. It's a husky three-year-old with an impish expression who lands in a farming area, in a sequence of considerable charm. Glenn Ford is an inspired choice for Pa Kent, the farmer, who, with Ma Kent (Phyllis Thaxter), adopts the boy—Ford's resources as an actor having contracted to the point where he has become a comic-strip version of the simple good American. Photographically, this farmland section, with almost motionless clouds hovering over wheat fields that stretch to infinity, and one or two looming figures, has a look that's related to Pop enlargements, but it's the enlargement of Wyeth or Peter Hurd. It doesn't have the stylish crude strength of cartoons—its strength is softer, more genteel. Though visually striking, this section is weakened by a choice that makes almost no sense: instead of going directly from the child actor to Christopher Reeve and letting him play the eighteen-year-old Superman, the film introduces another actor (Jeff East), who doesn't look like the little boy or like Reeve. This intermediate figure is very inexpressive, and something about him seems all wrong—is it just his pompadour, or is he wearing a false nose?

Part of the appeal that has made Superman last so long is surely in the quasi-religious feelings that children develop about him: he's the savior myth of their very own subculture. Although this film tries to supply an element of mysticism (the box-office lesson of "Star Wars" and the Force has been learned), it's Superman in the form of the joyless interim actor who goes to the North Pole to commune with his psychically still alive father. Jor-El informs him of his mystical mission to serve "collective humanity," and Brando shows a gleam of amusement as he instructs the youth in the capacity for goodness of the people on Earth, and



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says, "For this reason above all—their capacity for good—I have sent them you, my only son." The sequence takes place at the Fortress of Solitude, which constitutes itself out of the ice for Superman. This should be the magical heart of the film, and surely a building that materializes out of ice might do so with occult symmetry? But the mystic fortress looks like a crystal wigwam that is being put up by a stoned backpacker.

The film rallies when Reeve takes over—especially when he gets out of the drably staged scenes at the offices of the *Daily Planet*, gets into his red cape and blue tights, flies over Metropolis, and performs a string of miracles. Yet after the first graceful feat, in which he saves Lois Lane, who has fallen from a helicopter that crashed on a skyscraper, and then steadies the falling chopper (with the injured pilot inside) and gently lifts it to safety, the other miracles don't have enough tension to be memorable: each one wipes out our memory of the one before. And the insufferable shimmering metallic music—as congratulatory as a laugh track—smudges them together. When Superman takes his beloved up for a joyride in the sky, the cutting works against the soaring romanticism that we're meant to feel, and, with Lois reciting Leslie Bricusse lyrics to convey her poetic emotions, even the magic of two lovers flying hand in hand over New York City is banalized. Lois Lane has always been one of the more boring figures in popular mythology: she exists to get into trouble. Margot Kidder tries to do something with this thankless part, but she's harsh-voiced, and comes across as nervous and jumpy; she seems all wrong in relation to Reeve, who outclasses her. He's so gentlemanly that her lewdness makes one cringe. (We aren't given a clue to what our hero sees in Lois Lane. It might have been more modern fun if he hadn't been particularly struck by her until she'd rejected his cowardly Clark Kent side for his Superman side—if, like any other poor cluck, he wanted to be loved for his weakness.)

"Superman" doesn't have enough conviction or courage to be solidly square and dumb; it keeps pushing smarmy big emotions at us—but half-heartedly. It has a sour, scared undertone. And you can't help being aware that this is the sort of movie that increases the cynicism and sense of futility among actors. In order to sell the film as star-studded, a great many famous performers were signed up and then stuck in among the plastic bric-a-brac of Krypton; performers who get solo screen credits, with the full blast of trumpets and timpani, turn out to have walk-ons. Susannah York is up there as the infant Superman's mother, but, though Krypton is very advanced, this mother seems to have no part in the decision to send her baby to Earth. York has no part of any kind; she stares at the camera and moves her mouth as if she'd got a bit of food stuck in a back tooth. Of all the actors gathered here—all acting in different styles—she, maybe, by her placid distaste, communicates with us most directly. —PAULINE KAEL

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JAZZ

A Nice Place to Be

IN "The Fred Astaire & Ginger Rogers Book," Arlene Croce suggests that Astaire is "his own form of theatre." That is, he is—as a dancer, a singer, an actor—wholly original, and so incomparable. His dancing was a blend of balletic outlines, ballroom dancing, and polyglot jazz steps. The tap-dancer Bill Robinson called him an "eccentric" dancer, and another tap-dancer, Cholly Atkins, said, "He used balletic turns but came out of them with a jazz kick and slide." Astaire was something of a surrealist in his movie dancing. He danced on clouds and up the wall and across the ceiling, and his grace was such that, though his feet might be making a clatter, he gave the impression of being soundless, of not touching the ground at all. No one has paid much attention to his singing until recent years, but it balanced his dancing. Singers revere Astaire. Anita Ellis, who worked with him in two films in the early fifties, said recently, "He was his work. He was a perfectionist. On the set, every inch of every step was worked out, and when he sang I always felt that he eased up and became calmer, that his singing was a nice place for him to be." Sylvia Syms completed a three-week tribute to him at Michael's Pub a little while ago, and she spoke of him afterward: "What he lacked vocally he made up in immaculateness. He invented lyrical economy. His singing was the shortest distance between two points. He danced words. He carried the grace of his dancing over into his singing. The songwriters appreciated him because he was musically pure and they knew he wouldn't confuse anybody. No matter what he sang, it always had movement. He was never interrupted by having a matinée-idol face, and his own songs—the songs he wrote—always remind me of soft-shoe." The singer Barbara Lea has said of him, "He belonged with the incidental singers, like Johnny Mercer. He wasn't trying to sell anything but the song, which he got across with precision, clarity, and humor. There wasn't any ego trip involved. He had no intention of astounding you. Of course, he had great materials to work with. The composers who wrote for him wrote light rhythm songs, because he was a dancer, and a circular thing took effect. Their songs probably made him even more that way, which made them produce more of the same sort of songs, and so on. Another important element of Astaire's singing was that he always sang as a character in a show or movie—not as himself, like a night-club performer. That gave him protection from himself, from any temptation to whoop himself up." (Astaire worked once in a night club, in the twenties, and disliked it.)

For all the clarity and order of Astaire's singing, its origins are mysterious. (He does not say very much about his singing in his autobiography, "Steps in Time." Nor, for that matter, does he say much about his dancing.) He came up through vaudeville and the early Broadway and London musicals in the teens and twenties. "Popular" singing was still semi-European, and was in the hands of the light-operatic troubadours and the early crooners. Vibrato lingered in the corners of every singing style, like rainwater after a heavy shower, and tenors were much admired. Singers used a crying quality (bent notes, even sob effects) in their torch songs, and all aspired toward a polish that was supposed to mirror emotion. The singers of the time, with few exceptions, got in the way of the first-rate songs already being written (by Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, George Gershwin), and their recordings have aged poorly. But by the late twenties Astaire was already on the side of the angels—the angels being Ethel Waters and Bing Crosby and Louis Armstrong, who were inventing non-classical American singing. He must have heard their recordings, and it has been said that he was influenced by the prolific South African singer Al Bowlly. Astaire seems to have put his singing together early, for he is quickly recognizable on the "Lady, Be Good!" recordings that he made in 1926 with George Gershwin on piano. The ease and sense of swinging that he lacked then came to him by the time he went to Hollywood, seven years later.

As Sylvia Syms suggests, the rhythmic intensity and brilliance that governed Astaire's legs and feet certainly controlled his singing. He has a light baritone, and his timbre is smooth. It is an angular, tidy, pure-cotton voice with little vibrato. (It had more in the twenties.) It arose from necessity, and it is tough and adaptable. He can sing anything from "A Fine Romance" to a nonsense dialect song like "I Love Louisa." His long notes may waver and he sometimes lands near his notes instead of on them, but he makes every song fresh and full-faced, as if each were important news. His singing is also, though unique, self-effac-

"Norman Mailer, meet Gore Vidal. Ha-ha, just kidding."

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ing. There doesn't seem to be anything between the words and the listener: the lyrics pass directly from the sheet music to the ear.

ASTAIRE has not made a great many recordings. The most ambitious were done in 1952, when Norman Granz, the jazz impresario, persuaded him to go into a Los Angeles studio, where he set down thirty-four vocal numbers and three tap dances. He was accompanied by Oscar Peterson on piano, Barney Kessel on guitar, Ray Brown on bass, Alvin Stoller on drums, and, in all but nine numbers, Flip Phillips on tenor saxophone and Charlie Shavers on trumpet. The notion of recording Astaire with jazz musicians was a good one. But many of Granz's brightest ideas have been carried out haphazardly (the omnibus Art Tatum recordings; the Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts; the recent teaming of Ray Charles and Cleo Laine for a "Porgy and Bess"), and the Astaire album is one. Peterson is a roaring, gobbling Tatum pianist who has never been celebrated as an accompanist. (Jimmy Rowles, who was busy recording for Granz with Billie Holiday at the same time on the Coast, is a great accompanist.) A guitarist was unnecessary, and a drummer who had worked with dancers (Jo Jones, Buddy Rich) would have been better than Stoller, who is stiff and unwieldy. Phillips, a Ben Webster-Lester Young admirer, is an inconclusive player. Only Shavers is completely effective. His muted obbligatos—particularly on "Dancing in the Dark," "Cheek to Cheek," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," and "The Carioca"—shadow Astaire's voice, tint it, applaud it. The accompaniment on the numbers where there are no horns is anemic, and Astaire wilts a little. But he is superb most of the time, and it is a pleasure to hear him unfettered by visual images and a large orchestra. He sings his old standards—including "Steppin' Out with My Baby," "A Needle in a Haystack," "They All Laughed," "A Fine Romance," "I Concentrate on You," "I Love Louisa," and his own fine "I'm Building Up to an Awful Let-Down" and "Not My Girl." The three tap dances are done with the rhythm section, at tempos ranging from medium to very fast, and they are good, exciting Astaire tapping—often offbeat, legato, and full of his typical sailing-through-the-air open spaces. The recordings were first released by Mercury in 1953, and have been out of print for many years. They have now been reissued on the DRG label—"The Astaire Story" (DARC-3-1102)—and Book-of-the-Month Records will bring out its own set in February.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

• •

THE KISS

The kiss came to her out of nowhere,
pressed into her mind like light,
a steady impression, an initiation,
like a bird that straddles a narrow branch.
The kiss came from the Book of Genesis,
from the movable type that spread creation,
repetitive and in demand.

Touching her planet like a spacecraft,
a test of character: standing over an iron.
She does the sleeves and the collar
before the body. Part of it scorches.
She irons the pillowcase
and turns to cover a boiling pot.
The iron burns. Steam hisses,

and spray violates the cloth.
The insect blunders in by the window,
tiny and black. She kills it in her palms,
between her hands. He always thought
his heart was there, between her hands,
his small heart like a small seed
just then growing petals like wings.

—LAURA JENSEN

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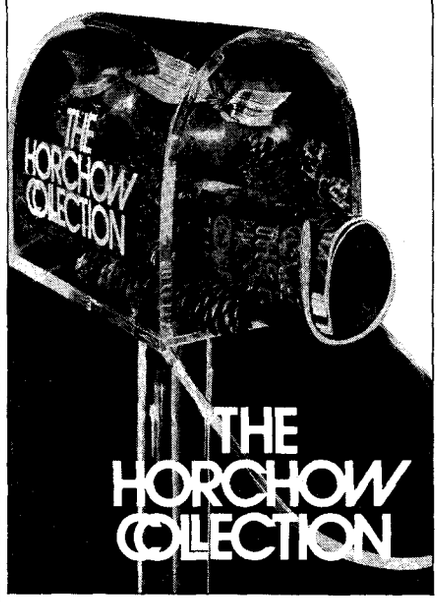

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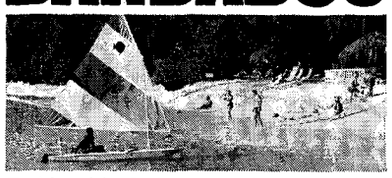

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BOOKS

Green Green

HENRY GREEN began his first novel while a schoolboy of seventeen at Eton. Anthony Powell, who had long known Green under his true name of Henry Yorke, recalls in his memoirs, "He had begun writing a novel at Eton, its nature unrevealed, though the fact admitted; an undertaking not regarded overseriously by relations and friends." However lightly regarded by his relations and friends, and however much slowed by Green's addiction, as confessed in his own memoir "Pack My Bag," to both alcohol and the cinema, the project was carried through to completion at Oxford and to publication, by Dent, in 1926. As even the diffident Powell, who tends to view his old friend's literary accomplishments with a skeptical politeness, has to admit, "a published novel could not altogether be laughed off." "Blindness," as the book was called, came out in a small edition and was reprinted in 1932 but not thereafter. Why not? Green left Oxford without a degree: "I had taken English as my school and that meant learning Anglo-Saxon. This I found I could not do and for the rest discovered that literature is not a subject to write essays about." He went to work in his father's factory in Birmingham, H. Pontifex & Sons, manufacturers of distillery equipment. In 1929, he published his ambitious and idiosyncratic novel "Living," about life in the working class. Possibly Green felt that this second novel began his mature work and rendered the first effort an embarrassment; "Pack My Bag," composed in 1939, cites a passage from "Blindness" as an example of bad writing. Also, his publisher had become Leonard and Virginia Woolf's Hogarth Press, and small incentive presumably existed for arranging with Dent for a new edition of "Blindness" as long as Green was producing, every other year or so, the novels that make him one of the most piquant and original English writers not only of his generation but of the century. Green-lovers (Viridophiles, one might say) enamored of these works have had to search out "Blindness" in such archives as the British Museum or else content themselves with descriptions of the novel in such scholarly treatises as "Henry Green: Nine Novels and an Unpacked Bag," by John Russell (1960). In 1952, Green, a mere forty-seven, published what turned out to be his last novel, "Doting." In the following two decades, when his unexpected silence (like Salinger's) afforded his reputation a space for further growing and retrospective enhancement, his long-buried first novel would have been welcome. But not until now, five years after Green's death, is "Blindness" again available, published in this country by Viking in a presentable if not entirely elegant edition ($8.95). (The English edition published by Hogarth a year ago is distinctly prettier, and Viking has coped with some exigency by setting a number of lines of the text in a disturbingly different typeface. Book production, as the electronic gnomes move in, gets curiouser and curiouser.)

"I had a ball, in my humble opinion."

An anonymous reviewer of the original edition of "Blindness" summed up its plot succinctly: "An English schoolboy of seventeen, on the verge of living, is totally blinded in a railway accident." But, while the young author was himself on the verge of living—leaving Oxford, joining the working class, and writing "Living"— this first novel is real Green: proto- rather than pre-Green. Though relatively clumsy and uneven, and not as assertively mannered as the subsequent books, it contains abundant quantities not only of Green's characteristic poetry but, more remarkably, of his piercing empathy and effortless social range. Precocity, common to musicians and mathematicians, and not unknown to painters and poets, is rare in that art most dependent upon human experience, fiction. One of the fascinations of "Blindness" is to observe the schoolboy author move outward from innocent autobiography into a virtuose plurality of points of view. The book begins with a schoolboy's diary, no doubt much like the one that in "Pack My Bag" Green admits to having kept: "I determined to be a writer, the diary I began to keep with this in view was full of loud shouts about it." The hero of "Blindness," John Haye, writes:

> If only I could write! But I think I improve. Those terrible, involved sentences of mine are my undoing.
>
> Fox was pleased at my admiring Carlyle.

Anthony Powell remembers of his friend Yorke that "he had a passion for

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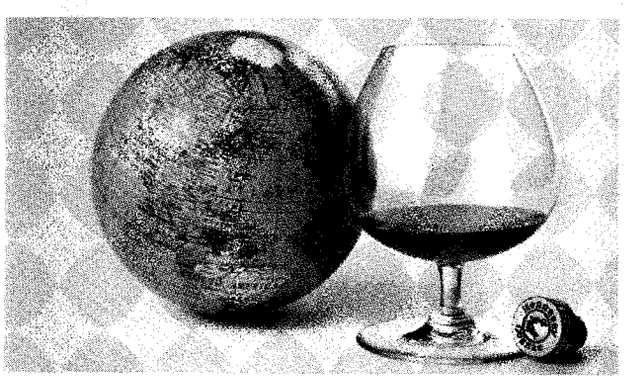

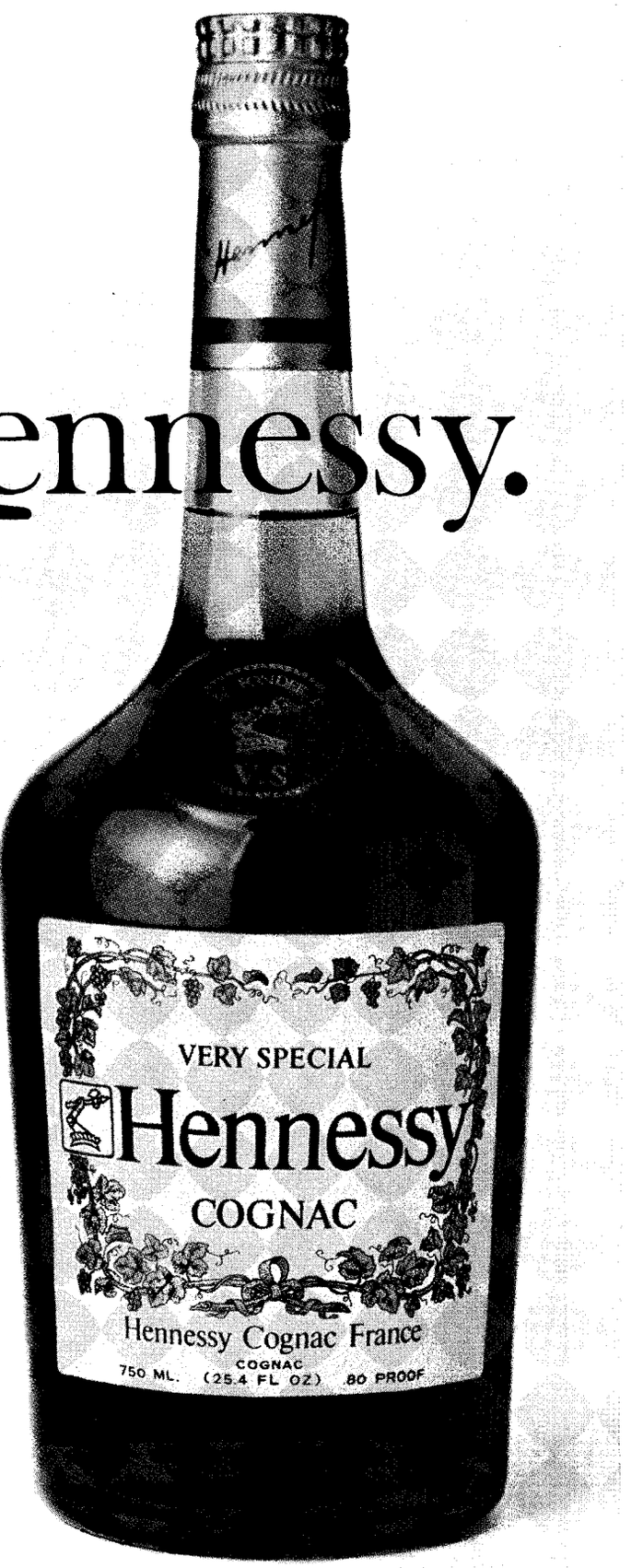

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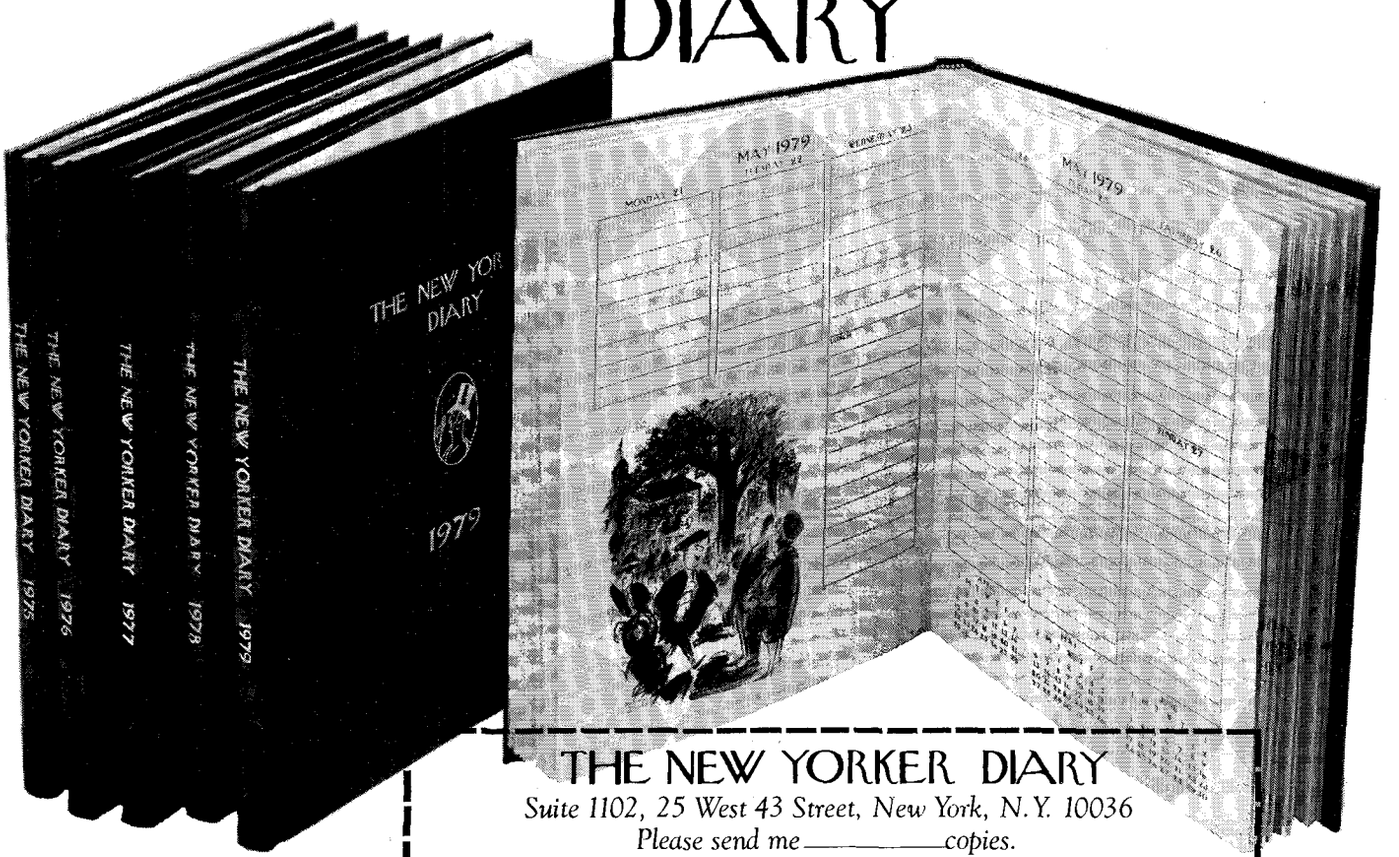

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Carlyle (an author tolerable to myself only in small doses), and (a taste I have never acquired) Doughty's *Arabia Deserta;* both indicating a congenial leaning towards obscure diction." John Haye is secretary to the Noat Art Society, as Yorke was of the Eton Society of Arts. He not only likes Carlyle but thinks that "the most beautiful letter ever written is undoubtedly that of Charlotte Brontë's on her sister Emily's death." His diary, however, holds as well as literary opinions a great deal of unwittingly self-incriminatory schoolboy behavior—pranks on disliked classmates, mocking forays into the plebeian town nearby, an affected bit of costume meant to make himself conspicuous:

> Have bought the most gorgeous sun hat for a horse in straw for sixpence, and have painted it in concentric rings.... The hat is a masterpiece, and being so has, of course, started a violent controversy. Those who consider it merely bounderism, and those who think it amusing, talk very seriously together and stop when I approach, while the faithful come in occasionally to tell me what the others have said.

Just before his diary is broken off, John Haye turns his admiration to Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment": "What a force books are! This is like dynamite."

As he is sitting in the train going home from school, John Haye is blinded and disfigured. The incident, like many in the book, comes to us secondhand, in a letter from one school friend to another: "The train was somewhere between Stroud and Gloucester, and was just going to enter a cutting. A small boy was sitting on the fence by the line and threw a big stone at the train. John must have been looking through the window at the time, for the broken glass caught him full, cut great furrows in his face, and both his eyes are blind for good. Isn't it dreadful?" Having just admired, in his alter ego's diary, a novel that "cuts one open, tragedy after tragedy, like a chariot with knives on the wheels," the young author gashes his young hero's face at its most vulnerable part—the eyes, symbols of sensitivity and sexuality—and plunges him into nightmare. And makes it credible. The book successfully meets the primary challenge it sets itself: to convey the sensations of blindness. At first it is mixed with pain, "so that he was like a blind worm in a fire, squirming, squirming to get out." Worse than blind, he is eyeless, and is told so with a harrowing briskness:

> He felt with his hand, but the bandages were too tight. He remembered that men

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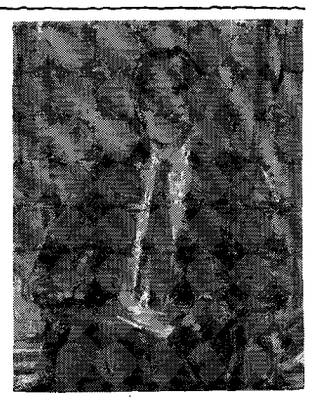

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with amputated legs could still waggle the toes which by that time were in the dustbin. He squinted, and was sure that his eyes were there.

"Nurse, have I any eyes?"

"How do you mean? No, I am afraid they were both taken out, they had to be."

As his convalescence progresses, and "it was now so ordinary to be blind," he learns to listen: "Every wind was different, and as he listened to their coming and to their going, there was rhythm in their play. In the fields, beyond where the trees would be, a man cracked his whip, and a cow lowed. The long grass copied the trees with a tiny dry rustling." And as he attempts to participate in the world again and help a female servant move a heavy lily pot, a world of sensuous touches impinges maddeningly:

> Then, as he was groping forward again, the lily poked gently into his face, trying to tickle him, and shuddering, he pushed the thing away. He leant forward further to where he felt her presence and the stand. Her breath burned in his face for a moment and bathing in her nearness he leant further forward still, in the hopes of finding her, but she dropped his hand and it fell on the slick edges of the pot in which the lily grew. Despair was coming over him again, it was too awkward, this pursuit of her under a lily, when all at once her arm mysteriously came up over his mouth, glowing and cool at the same time, and the scent was immediately stronger, tangible almost, so that he wanted to bite it.

But we are not immersed in John Haye's blindness, as we were in his diary. The visual world around him—whose presiding deity, the sun, is evoked on nearly every page—persists, described in a kind of exultation by an author who now manifests powers and a range far beyond those of his hero. John Haye's blindness is seen from the outside, as not only a private but a social event, affecting the lives of those around him—foremost, that of his guardian and stepmother, Emily Haye. The master novelist emerges from the fledgling writer in the early scene wherein this woman, "red with forty years reckless exposure to the sun," an avid gardener and meddler in village affairs from her eminence as hostess of the estate called Barwood, talks to John and introduces another stream of consciousness into the book. To his agonized, fitful comprehension of his blindness is added her own anxious concern: "Her feelings had betrayed her. The great thing was to keep his mind off. One must go on talking, and it was so hard not to harp on it. A silence would be so terrible. There was always her [John's true mother, who died when he was born] between them." Difficult servants, a senile dog, the local Nursing Association, poor village church attendance, the flourishing garden, the happier past, the need to answer the sympathy letters she has received, the parson's wife's need to borrow fifty teacups—all these worries mingle with her fretful worry for the boy ("They must find some occupation for the boy, he could not be left there rankling. Making fancy baskets, or pen-wipers, all those things blinded soldiers did, something to do"). Having accomplished and decided nothing, she finally sinks gratefully into one of Green's favorite conditions, the awareness of nothing. "She rubbed her face slowly in her hands, when she stopped it was redder still. Then she sat for some time looking at nothing at all, thinking of nothing at all. The specks kept on rising in the sunlight." Harassed and disarmed by tragedy though she is, and without any feeling for her stepson stronger than responsibility for him, Emily Haye stirs herself and in the course of the novel does the necessary selfless thing—she sells her beloved Barwood and moves the blind would-be writer to London, as he asks. Her thoughts orbit absurdly, yet she homes in on the right course; in her distracted decency, she is the first Henry Green character. She is a stepmother, perhaps, because Green at that tender age could gaze at maternity only through some squint of untruth, or because the budding artist in him insisted on being inventive. In "Pack My Bag," he tells how he acquired "the sense to bring others in when I wrote about myself in order to blame as much as possible on others."

Green brings in others, in "Blindness," besides the curiously distanced mother figure: a servant population anticipatory of "Loving," a grim yet somehow sexual nurse, and, most elaborately, the defrocked Reverend Entwhistle and his daughter Joan, whom the enamored John insists on calling June. (This sort of punning nameplay, which in "Concluding" gives all the girls names beginning with "M" and in "Caught" calls two London Fire Brigade volunteers Pye and Roe, is not Green's most winning trick.) In a long section called, too archly, "Picture Postcardism," Green overwrites with a Laurentian vengeance, and enshrines in a lush wealth of nature imagery a monstrously shabby situation: a teenaged girl is taking care of her alcoholic, almost lunatic father, a defrocked minister. Mrs. Entwhistle has died, having confessed on her deathbed to an affair

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with the postman. Joan has been scarred by a piece of bottle thrown by her father, in mild echo of the scars—"His face, that awful face," she thinks—John incurred in the railway accident. The attempt of these two very unhappy young people to surmount the intellectual and class differences between them makes an uncomfortable idyll, shot through with moments of beauty and fumbling tenderness. Joan is vivid in her sly masochism; during a summer storm, her thoughts run, "Daylight, the sky fought. Darkness and rain. Sheet lightning never hurt anything, but how wonderful to be as afraid as this." Can it be that this same psychology is meant to be filtering onto the page such outrageously naïve examples of the pathetic fallacy as "The sun, who was getting very red, played at painting long shadows in the grass" and "The sky was enjoying herself after the boredom of being blue all day"? If so, the attempt seems labored. Green was always a poet of nature, especially of our airy companions on earth, the birds; they play flitting, cooing chorus to book after book. But here the tapestry of birds, flowers, and small animals is offered as a substitute for the necessary portrait of a girl. John Haye's venture at heterosexual conquest takes place in the constrained atmosphere conjured up by Anthony Powell when he remembers, of a famous Oxford tutor, "So far as sex was concerned, when I first knew him, Bowra always talked as if homosexuality was the natural condition of an intelligent man . . . [He] would tease friends like Yorke and me for being 'heterosexual.'" Intuitive and loving as he is, the probably virgin author of "Blindness" seems less at ease with Joan/June than in the whining company of her father, who genuinely believes that he is a genius, that he has cancer, and that gin does him good.

She locks up the bottle in the cupboard, slips the key inside her dress, and begins to open the sardines. He is almost in tears, "insulted, by a girl, my daughter. When it was for the good of my health, as I was ill."

Sadly, this sounds rather like Henry Yorke when Powell last saw him, in the late nineteen-fifties:

He began to speak excitedly. He was not in very good shape. . . . In the end he was almost in tears of emotion. "I'm not well," he said. "People say it's drink. It's not that. I'm not well. I think I'm going to die."

The acute, clairvoyant sensibility of Henry Green also had something eerie, morbid, and macabre about it—as many anecdotes about him testify. Dis-

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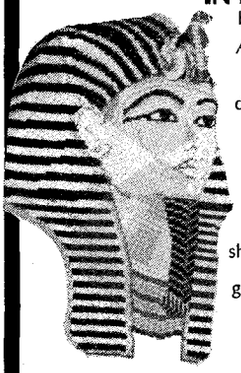

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ease is present in his works not only in the specific manifestations that rather comically carry off characters but in the underlying weakness and, as it were, incurability of the human condition. He saw us, all tenderly, in a desperate Pascalian light. "Blindness," an astoundingly sophisticated and compassionate work for an undergraduate to have produced, is yet less cunning than the later books, and bares some preoccupations that his fully developed, highly oblique art was to conceal. First, a catastrophe occupies the center of "Blindness" rather than haunts the edges. Although he once told an interviewer (Harvey Breit, in 1950) that "the true life has nothing to do with sudden death and great tragedy," he was himself catastrophe-minded—for instance, he wrote "Pack My Bag" in confidence that he would be killed in the coming war: "Surely it would be asking much to pretend one had a chance to live." His specific sensitivity to life itself, to the local (cosmically speaking) phenomena of living, carried with it an acute awareness of that which is not life, which threatens it. In "Blindness," a rabbit is observed "feeding quietly, trembling at being alive," and John Haye, touching his own scars, finds them "smooth varnished things unlike the clinging life of his skin." The nervous skin of sensation just this side of darkness is where Green's writing lives. Second, this youthful novel, in its schematic subdivisions (the three main sections are titled "Caterpillar," "Chrysalis," and "Butterfly") and its overt virtuosity, declares a formal ambitiousness, in the modernistic tradition of which Joyce is the epitome. The influence of Virginia Woolf can be felt in the dramatically varied interior monologues, and that of Proust—whom Green admired but little resembled—in the mixture of nature lyricism and wry psychology. But from the start Green was aiming, under cover of a limpid realism, at a static perfection that could be dissected and charted—as indeed it has been by a number of critics, mostly American. Third, a religious vein almost invisible in the subsequent novels here exists, though thinly, on the surface. John Haye notes in his diary, "Mamma tonight on religion. What effect it had, and how far it went, at Noat? They are effectively stifling mine." It is not so stifled, however, that he does not respond, a few pages later in his diary, to Dostoevski: "What an amazing man he was, with his epileptic fits which were much the same as visions really." In the course of the book, the natural world, and especially that old divinity the sun, is felt with a pantheistic intensity, and the religious musings of both Mrs. Haye and Reverend Entwhistle are taken serious note of. Most surprisingly, and perhaps not very convincingly, John Haye himself, at the end of the novel, when their move to the city has only revealed his blindness as even more of a handicap than it was in rural isolation, experiences a Dostoevskian fit:

> He was rising through the mist, blown on a gust of love, lifting up, straining at a white light that he would bathe in. He half rose.
>
> "John!" [His stepmother is calling.]
>
> And when he bathed there he would know all, why he was blind, why life had been so to him. He was nearer. To rise on this love, how wonderful to rise on this love. He was near now.
>
> "John!!"
>
> A ladder, bring a ladder. In his ears his own voice cried loudly, and a deeper blindness closed in upon him.

The Greek word for "ladder," Mr. John Russell points out, is "*klimax*." After this climax—prefiguring all the milder, more secular ecstasies with which Green is to end his other novels—we are to believe John Haye is ready to become a writer. If we do not quite believe that, we do believe that in the course of this first novel we have seen Henry Green stretch his shimmering wings. —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TENDER MERCIES, by Rosellen Brown (Knopf; $8.95). This is not one of those uplifting chronicles of a family that rises joyously to the challenge of a medical catastrophe; instead, we have a small-town New Englander and his well-educated wife, of old Boston blood, who generate a lifetime of troubles in a matter of months after she has been paralyzed in a motorboat accident that he caused by showing off at the wheel. In silence, she hates him for her grotesque fate, and scorns his attempts to share in the pain; he no longer finds her supercilious air of mystery attractive, and he resents the way their children, neighbors, and in-laws expect him to grovel for their charity and attention. Both of them dread their hopeless future; she would like to kill him, and he would like everyone to know the details of his gruelling round-the-clock nursing duties. As Rosellen Brown explores their thoughts—much more complicated than the words they spit at

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each other and at their visitors—the reader will recognize and understand anew an ancient theme of tragic drama: how an unwanted life can be the bitterest curse.

THE PRAISE SINGER, by Mary Renault (Pantheon; $8.95). Simonides, a Greek poet of the sixth century B.C., recalls his childhood delight in poetry and his genius for oral composition, his apprenticeship under a kindly and talented mentor, and his rapid rise to fame at the Athenian court, where Hippias and his younger brother, Hipparchos, reigned. The arts flourished under their patronage, but a decadent and sadistic strain in Hipparchos's liberality upset the peace that Simonides both celebrated and enjoyed. Simonides had an inside view of Athens' royal intrigues, but Mary Renault fails to bring his story to life; the characters remain faceless and their voices indistinguishable. We are given only a few renditions of Simonides' prize-winning compositions and a too generous assortment of colloquial British expressions and technical Greek terms. An "Author's Note" and a chronology at the back of the book clarify the story considerably; the reverse should have been the case.

GENERAL

CHOPIN: A BIOGRAPHY, by George R. Marek and Maria Gordon-Smith (Harper & Row; $12.95). "My co-author . . . née Maria Krystyna Broniewska, was born and educated in Warsaw, and taught at the university there," writes Mr. Marek, explaining why he took on a collaborator after writing nine books alone. The reader benefits by understanding Chopin's Polish background; though the composer won international renown while living in France, Poland was no mere prelude but a lifelong ostinato of Russian tyranny and Polish rebellion, and Chopin's last concert, in 1848, was a benefit for Polish refugees. This biography delineates Chopin's own kind of romanticism in art and in his complex personality: he was passionate and reserved, an artist, a gentleman, a dandy; physically fragile, he was steely in his assurance about what he would or would not do. He was noted for his improvisations, but when he composed he spent so much time refining and rewriting that he might take years to publish a waltz. By making such good sense of Chopin, the book makes human and

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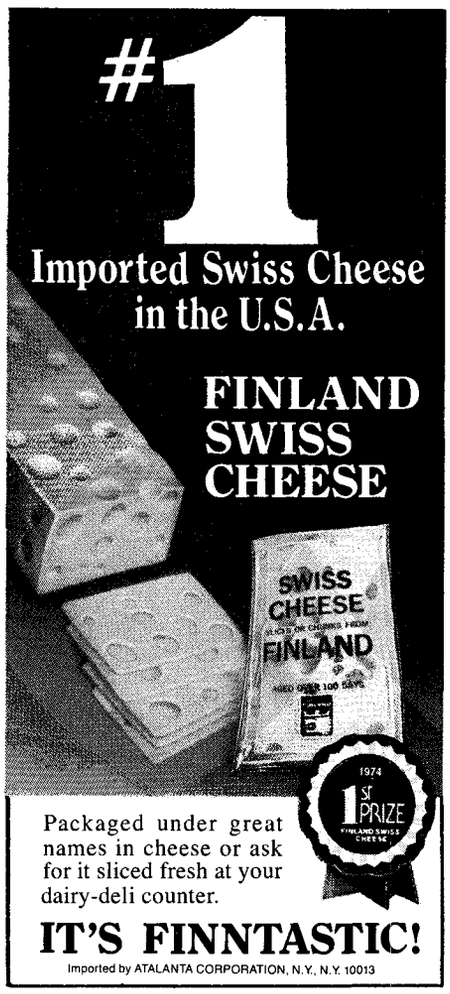
humane sense of his liaison with George Sand.

THE LATE LILY SHIEL, by Sheilah Graham (Grosset & Dunlap; $10). The early years in London of the Hollywood gossip columnist. Lily Shiel was about six years old when her widowed mother, a bath attendant, put her in an orphanage. When she graduated, at fourteen, she was determined to make a place for herself among the glamorous and wealthy, and so she adopted a charming air to match her pretty face. As a salesgirl in West End shops and department stores, she flirted freely, improving sales, beguiling customers, and even inspiring a millionaire to propose to her, but she chose to marry her kindly (and, as it turned out, almost impotent) employer instead. When his inept business practices bankrupted him, she invested in dance and voice lessons and joined Charles B. Cochran's chorus line. Although Lily Shiel did play some major roles in various musicals (she adopted her stage name around this time), she never became much of an actress; as she herself writes (she tells her story in the third person), "her best acting was always offstage." Miss Graham peppers her clunky prose with misplaced punctuation; nevertheless, this is an interesting, and not always flattering, self-portrait of an ambitious young woman with an instinct for social survival.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLACKHEATH POISONINGS: A VICTORIAN MURDER MYSTERY, by Julian Symons (Harper & Row; $9.95). Mr. Symons' numerous crime novels have always been finely and intelligently crafted—suspense entertainment of the highest order—and this new example of his special genius is that and more. As the title suggests and the subtitle proclaims, it is a period piece, but it is a period piece so thoroughly yet unobtrusively of its intended period that it would seem to be the work of a contemporary hand. The setting is the villagey London suburb of Blackheath in 1890, and the story involves a large middle-class family living amiably on two neighboring estates: a matriarch, her orphaned nephew, her two daughters and her son, a daughter-in-law, a son-in-law, and the latter's seventeen-year-old son. All are comfortably supported by the family business, a toy manufactory, and the lives of all appear to be uneventfully serene. Then the



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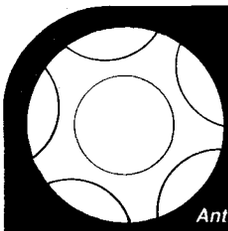
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son-in-law dies of a suspiciously acute indigestion, but the family physician (a definitive dodderer) signs a natural-causes death certificate. Then the matriarch rises in pain from the supper table, and dies unequivocally of arsenic poisoning. Here, most emphatically, is a book to relish.

THE LAST TWO WEEKS OF GEORGES RIVAC, by Geoffrey Household (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $9.95). Mr. Household has been entertaining us for more than forty years ("Rogue Male," his first success, appeared in 1937), and he is now very close to eighty, but his powers of pace and scene, his imaginative characterizations, his lightness of touch, his wit—as opposed to the scatological slapstick favored by his younger imitators—are undiminished. This new explosion of hurried journeys through town and village and the springtime English countryside, with secret agents in every disguise in lethal pursuit, involves a young Anglo-French businessman who unwittingly comes by a dangerous document, and a most winning young Hungarian female accomplice, and is wholly enjoyable.

THE FANATICS, by Peter Hill (Scribners; $7.95). Two nameless American-speaking terrorists—a tough young man and a tougher young woman—derisively set off a bomb in Scotland Yard, assassinate a popular politician and his wife, and then, on the run from the police, hole up in a London flat with another intended political victim and his secretary as hostages. Having briskly set this cheerless contemporary scene, Mr. Hill, a former Scotland Yard detective, tells us just as briskly how such things are handled, not forgetting that the handlers are men and women with daily as well as professional lives. The result is a highly satisfactory progression of tension, technology, and character.

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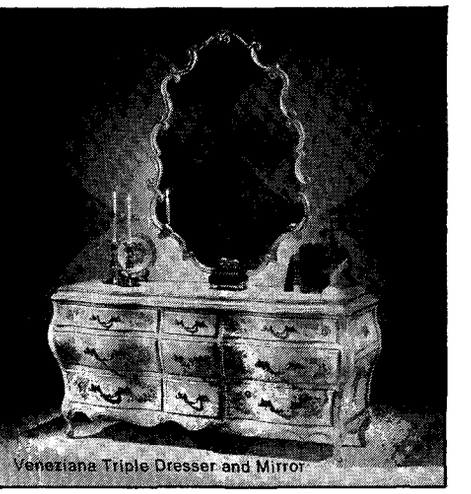
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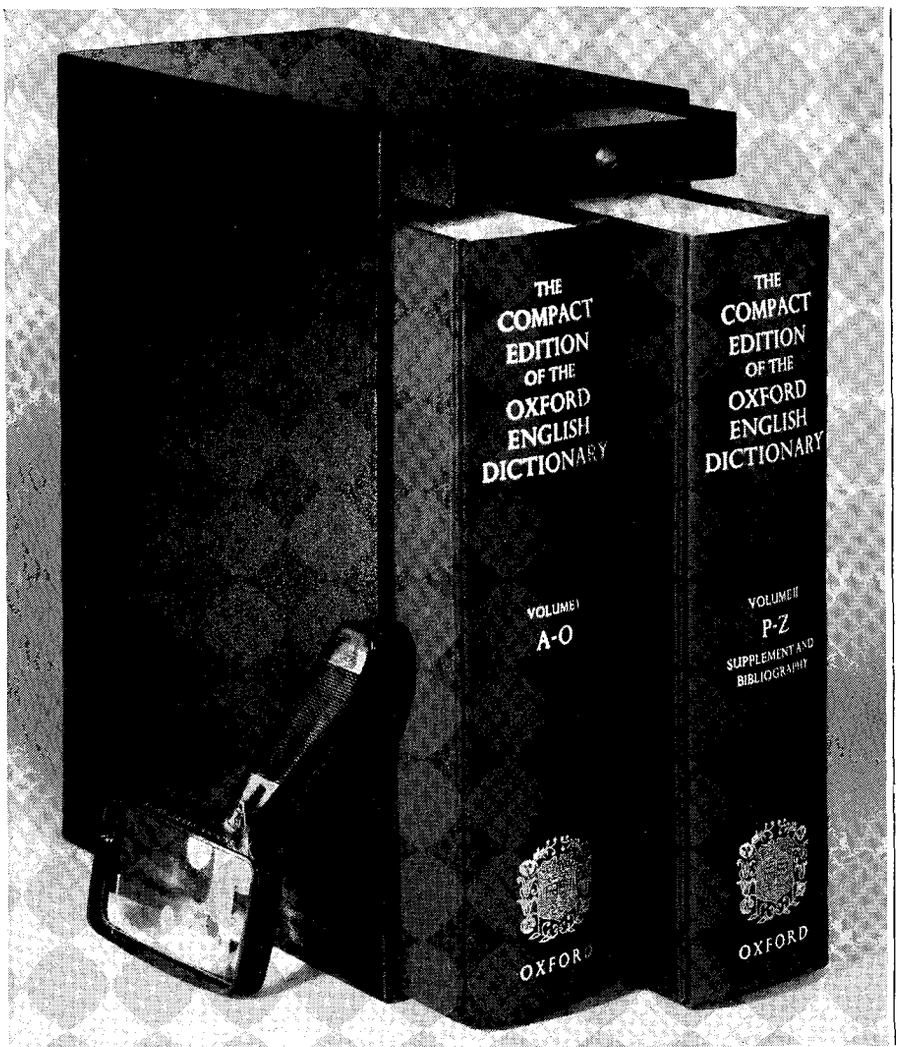

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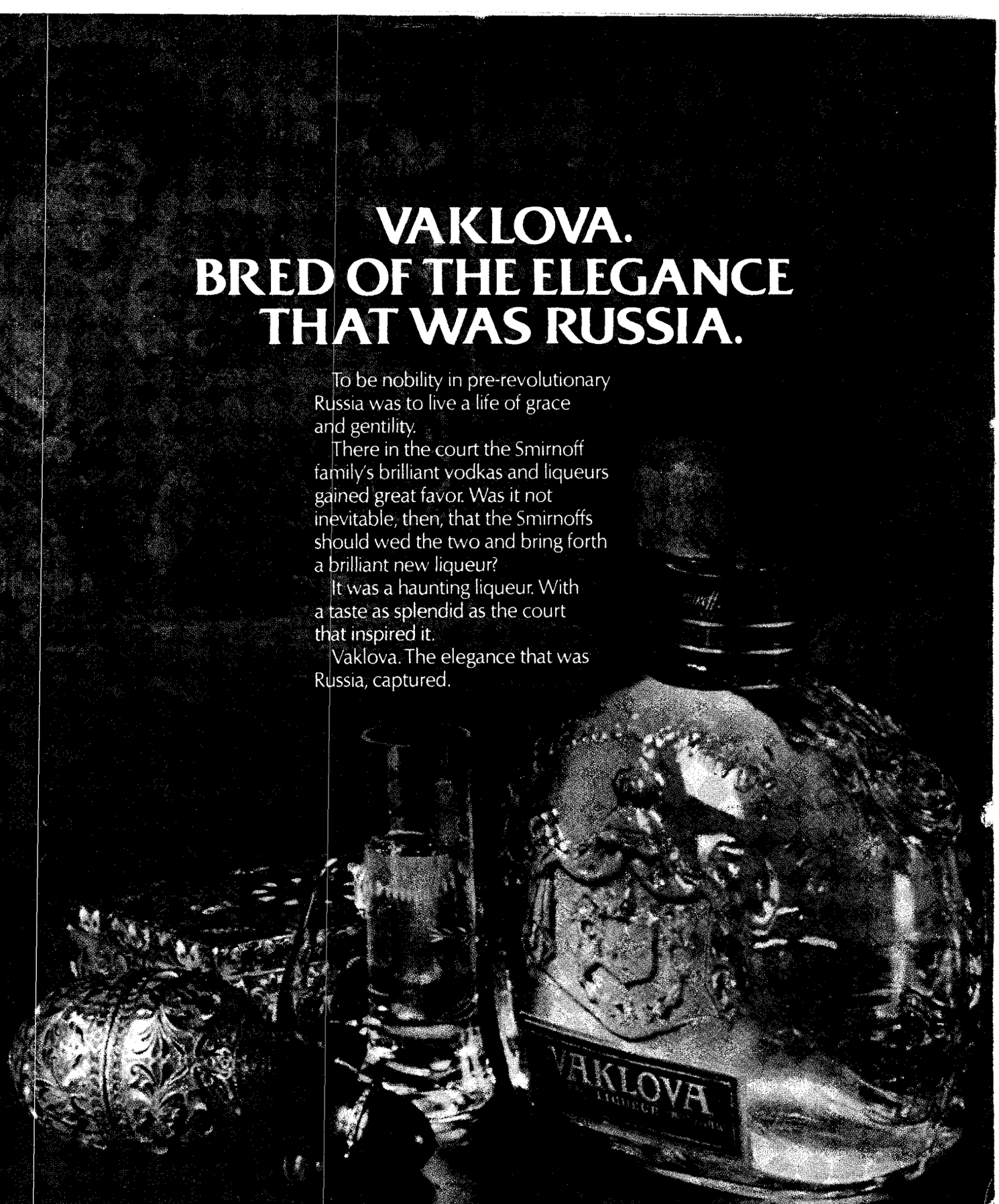

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